

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

Vol. 12, No. 9

(The Sheppard Publishing Co., Limited, Props.)
Office—36 Adelaide Street West.

TORONTO, CANADA, JAN. 14, 1899.

TERMS: Single Copies, 5c.
Per Annum (in advance), \$2. Whole No. 581

Things in General.

BOTH the *Globe* and the *Telegram* urge that when the aldermen elect controllers the vote should not be by ballot, inasmuch as the people whom the aldermen represent have a right to know whether each vote is used to elect the best men or to further the ambitions of favorites, or to vent personal spleen upon worthy candidates who are disliked. Now that the suggestion has been made, it seems evident that the vote should not be taken by ballot in this matter any more than upon any public question which comes before the Council. Why, indeed, should so important an act be done privily while the aldermen must openly declare themselves in trivial matters involving the expenditure of but a few dollars? It seems likely that if the vote were an open one more representative men would obtain the position; and furthermore, it would prevent such contemptible falsehoods as some of the aldermen were guilty of who promised to vote one way while it is evident that they voted quite differently.

One evening paper speaks of the unworthiness of aldermanic promises as if lying were a trivial offence which men in the City Council must cheerfully expect to be committed. Possibly there are those who hold this view; it is evident that there are a number of aldermen who have no higher conception of what is right, therefore it would be well to have it known who are unworthy of credence and who are to be believed. An alderman who will tell an untruth in a small matter cannot be trusted under any circumstances. A man who will get himself out of a difficult position by lying can never be believed, and if he is a sneak in a small thing he is certain to be one in a larger matter where his self-interest is perhaps of a financial rather than a sentimental sort. Under these circumstances it would be well to remove temptation from those weaklings who cannot say no, and have their attitude made plain to the people who elected them, by an open vote.

LAST Saturday the *Evening Star* found occasion to rebuke the writer of this page for criticizing the aldermen of this city for "with few exceptions being worse than mediocrities." So recently as Saturday the *Star* could not comprehend that any but a jaundiced eye could see in the Council "a spawning bed of incompetency and small selfishness." Contriving, the same paper said, "If the public were not inclined to believe such slanders, this windy eloquence would be laughable. As it is, such attacks do more harm to decent civic government than all the efforts of reputable journalism do good. They are a discouragement to respectable men who may think of entering the Council."

On Monday, the next legal day of publication after the above quotations appeared, the *Star* has in its heading on the first column of its first page, "Controllers elected on first ballot—Ald. Sheppard and Lamb thrown down. . . . Merit falls and mediocrity wins the fight." An editorial at the head of the second column of the first page is headed, "A disgrace to Toronto—The result of the election of the Board of Control proves two things—that merit, fitness and ability do not always win, and that there are in the Council men who will pledge their vote one way and then cast it by ballot in another way—The new Board of Control does not represent the best elements of the city, or even the best elements of the Council. It is the poorest Board of Control ever elected—The selection is rank injustice to the people and suggests the necessity of a higher standard of men for the Council, or, failing that of the election of the Board by the people direct." It concludes by calling on Ald. Woods and Lynd to resign, and thereupon admits the whole of my article of last week, in which I said, "The best man in the aldermanic outfit may not always be chosen if some deal is agreed to by the aldermen whereby the worst of them is to have his turn at filling the place." It is seldom that a newspaper answers itself so promptly as the *Star* has done and proves itself incompetent to give an opinion which will hold its color over night. The editor of the *Star* should either have a good deal better memory or considerably more sense.

While the *Star* gives its whole case away, I do not admit that Ald. Lynd is one of the poorest of the aldermanic lot. He is a representative, upright and popular man who was several times Mayor of Parkdale, the nominee of his political party in West York, and long has been a physician of repute and large practice. In selecting Ald. Lynd for its abuse it has hit upon the alderman who least deserves it, for he is able and neither a self-seeker nor a ward-heeler.

ANOTHER incident in connection with the work of the Government bacteriologist in Toronto has come under my notice, and goes to show that I was safe in saying last week, when referring to the case reported from Walkerton, that no doubt there was an explanation of the seeming error. The second case throws light upon the first. A medical health officer in a town in Western Ontario learned that a child, while ill with diphtheria, had attended school, and decided to take precautions. On going to the school he found thirty-five children in the department attended by the sick child, and every one of them was apparently in perfect health. Not satisfied with a superficial examination, however, he secured a swab from the throat of each child and sent these—thirty-five in all—to the Government bacteriologist, who, after examining them, reported that he found seven of the children infected. These seven children, although apparently well, were at once treated for diphtheria, yet in one of them the disease reached full development. It is well known that the theory in germ-disease is that the germs get into the human system and battle for control of it; if they succeed there is disease. The diphtheria germ may exist in large numbers in a person's throat while yet that person may show no symptom of the disease. There is a period of critical indecision during which the germs of disease are fighting to overcome the little soldiers that team in the human system, and which hurl themselves upon the invader. The doctor looks for disease; the bacteriologist looks for infection. In the case of these school children there was no disease; there was infection that in one instance culminated in disease, and but for timely treatment might have done so in all seven. A bacteriologist when instructed to look for diphtheria infection uses a medium that infallibly shows up and throws into relief germs of that class. These frequently exist in the throats of healthy persons, and in the Walkerton case it follows that if the healthy person whose mucus was sent in to the Government bacteriologist had breathed infected atmosphere, a swab from his or her throat would almost necessarily show infection.

ESTERMED by all who knew him as a Christian gentleman, Bishop Sullivan has passed away from the sound of loving voices and the touch of sympathetic hands into a world which his faith had made familiar to him. It is said that his face was illumined as if by a ray from heaven's open portal as his spirit, freed from the flesh, arose to meet its God. It is not given to us to know the meaning of these strange radiance which sometimes shine from the face of the devout and dying one, but as we humans gather and talk weakly together of such things we feel that if a ray of celestial brightness is sometimes flashed across the unknown, that the passing soul shall have no moment of darkness, that divine ray was deserved by the gentle spirit which has just traveled the much-feared road from Here to There. To have deserved and obtained the title of a Christian gentleman is to have achieved the highest honor that this world can give. That Bishop Sullivan was also a cultured and eloquent man may have given him greater prominence in the world than he would have obtained had he been less of

a scholar or been lacking in oratory, but no matter in what walk of life his lot had been cast he would have been beloved by all who knew him. Combined as were his beautiful personality and his engaging talents, he will be sadly missed from a world which has too few such men. The charm of speech, the dignity of thought, the broad charity of a great heart, and the pervading influence of a sincerely pious life, seemed to many in strange and beautiful contrast with the cheap and intolerant pretensions of too many others who occupy pulpits but do not fill or warm the hearts of the people. The surroundings of the late Bishop were such as beget pride and haughtiness in many, yet no gentler voice nor kinder face was heard or seen in any Canadian pulpit, nor did such aristocratic surroundings as this new country can offer to a clergyman, beget in the preacher of St. James' Cathedral either indolence or any tendency to delegate his spiritual duties to others. Surely in the life and death of this good man a lesson can be found, not only for those who are conspicuously wandering from the path of godliness, but also for those who think as they stand in the pulpits or sit in the pews of our many places of worship, that precept is sufficient without example.

IT seems to me that if what is expressed in an interview with a railroad man, which is published in another column, with regard to Collingwood harbor is even partially true, our City Council and Board of Trade should go slow in advocating the expenditure of a lot of money on deepening a northern port, on the supposition that it will benefit this city. With its own consent Toronto should not permit itself to be played between the Grand Trunk and the Canadian Pacific Railways to the local

might become a part of it, connected between Toronto and the Ottawa Valley route by a link reaching from the nearest point on the Grand Trunk to Renfrew or thereabouts. Over this link the Grand Trunk might have right of way in return for right of way given to Government trains over the G. T. R. portions of the line. This would mean something, as it would open up a large area of new country for settlement, enlist the sympathy of the Ontario Government, and give this city much trade which is now going to Ottawa and Montreal, the route from Toronto being so slow and circuitous. The opening of this route, even without the further deepening of Collingwood harbor or the building of the air-line to that point, would be worth more than any dream of building up the city by capturing a small share of the grain trade, for if our harbor is deepened and ocean vessels come to our wharves to be loaded the railways will bring us the grain or we can soon force them to do it.

THE United States was fortunate in originally adopting a constitution which prohibited state recognition of any religious denomination. In Canada we know how much trouble can be caused by the existence of laws discriminating between religious sects, and it needs no illustration to call to mind how our politics have been warped and the conduct of public men influenced by appeals to sectarianism, not only when matters of religious education or conscience were concerned, but in order to influence votes and excite antagonisms during election campaigns. With the "expansion" policy of the McKinley Administration this immunity from such strife seems likely to pass away from the United States. Already we hear of Archbishop Ireland going to Rome to present to His Holiness the Pope

victory will be robbed of more than half of its value. One does not need to apologize to the Roman Catholics of an English-speaking country for speaking thus of the monks of Spanish colonies, for there is no similarity in surroundings, conditions, or the laws, customs, and long uninterrupted power of a hierarchy and priesthood such as has been permitted by Spain to impoverish the people of her colonies. If, on the other hand, these religious orders are stripped of their wealth and power—and this must be done or they will be the leaders, as they are still in every Spanish-American country, of sedition against any government which seeks to limit their power or curb their rapacity—then it is to be feared that a general outcry will be made by the Roman Catholic extremists of all other countries, that the iron heel of Yankee tyranny is being placed upon the neck of the suffering Church.

The difficulty will become still greater if Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines are admitted as States into the Union. Representatives from these localities would almost certainly be natives who, while willing to despoil the Church in their own islands, would lend themselves with devout eagerness to the making of trouble for the Protestant, or rather the secular, federal Government. Thus for the first time in her history the United States would have States which could be depended upon to send Roman Catholic Senators and Congressmen, who would form the nucleus of a pro-Catholic movement which, in the politics of the republic, would gain many adherents, lead to much pandering by the politicians, and probably result in an attempt to alter the constitution or to obtain either in the State legislatures or in Congress itself, a recognition of Catholic citizens as separated from non-Catholics. The American Protective Association, an anti-Catholic organization very like the P.P.A. of this country, would of course combat any such movement, and unlimited strife, ill-feeling and fanatical conflicts would arise. It is difficult to see how President McKinley can do more than evade this issue until after the next Presidential election, for if he takes action in either direction he is apt to inflame the dislike or excite the fear of those who are attached to or who are suspicious of the Church. Thus in this phase alone of the expansion scheme we can easily see that a lash is being woven for the backs of those whose greed led them to seize the Philippines from the rebels without really having conquered the islands.

IT was stated by a past president of the Canadian Temperance League that the Sunday entertainments at the Pavilion are being run at a loss, two hundred dollars having been dropped this season so far, and the prospect being that the deficit will reach five hundred dollars before the series closes. Hestated that only about one auditor of eight puts anything in the collection box, and he was therefore forced to make an appeal for subscriptions. This is certainly a discouraging statement of the case, for it indicates that not only financially, but morally, the movement has not much backbone. Of those who make up the seven-eighths of the audience who pay nothing, at least half of these deadheads must be able, but too mean, to contribute their share; and if so large a percentage of those who listen to the temperance lectures are too mean or too poor to put a few coppers on the plate, they hardly need exhortations to keep them away from drink. Those who have nothing cannot buy rum, and those who are too penurious to put a nickel in the slot would be too stingy to take a drink. The one-eighth who do pay are doubtless those who are interested in the movement and need no physician to make them well; therefore, according to the past president's own statement, they are wasting a great deal of imported ammunition on an audience which is unlikely to be much benefited. Probably these Sunday entertainments would obtain more sympathy and assistance if the star orators were not generally "colonels" or "generals" from some unknown part of the United States. Toronto is getting somewhat weary of these temperance swash-buckler colonels, who, when they cannot find employment in a political campaign, devote themselves to a religio-temperance movement in which, in the majority of cases perhaps, they have no interest except the obtaining of an occasional fee for speech-making. If the League meetings in the Pavilion were conducted by local men of known piety and sincerity, it is hard to imagine that they would starve for want of funds.

SINCE the question of re-imposing postage on newspapers first arose I have argued that newspapers were not entitled to exemption, that they were business enterprises and should pay their own way. The Postmaster-General put into force on January 1 a postal rate on newspapers of one-quarter of a cent per pound, but granting to each newspaper a free zone of twenty miles in each direction—that is to say, a free circle forty miles in diameter, of which the office of publication is presumably, but not necessarily, the center. This quarter-cent rate is to be raised to one-half-cent on July 1. In order to learn exactly how this postage on the zone system affected the provincial weeklies, I had letters sent out to eight editors in different parts of Ontario, enquiring their total circulation and the amount of postage they had to pay on papers going outside the twenty-mile circle. Of the eight editors addressed, five have replied, and the facts supplied are as follows:

	Circulation.	Postage.
Clinton <i>New Era</i> , Mr. Robert Holmes, editor	1,800	20 cents
Kincardine <i>Review</i> , Mr. Hugh Clark,	1,336	17 "
Parry Sound <i>North Star</i> , Mr. W. Ireland,	1,050	11 "
Tweed <i>News</i> , Mr. W. J. Taylor,	2,000	25 "
Pickering <i>News</i> , Mr. W. J. Clark,	1,250	7 "

It is apparent at a glance that the burden imposed upon country papers is a very slight one; that it will be slight when the half-cent rate goes into effect, and would be inconsiderable even if the zone exemption were abolished. Mr. Holmes states that there was a slight error in his postage and that it will not amount to 20 cents per week, his circulation being largely in a compact area. Mr. Hugh Clark says that he thinks few papers with a circulation equal to his, will pay as much as 17 cents per week, as so many people have gone from his district to the North-West and continue to take the *Review*. Mr. Taylor says: "I took advantage of the clause allowing publishers to take their center wherever they saw fit, and took a post-office six miles from the office of publication as the center of my circle. By this means I was able to get nearly all my local circulation in free of postage, as in this circle there are eighty post-offices." Mr. Ireland intimates that a postage of even one-half-cent per pound on a circulation of one thousand per week would only amount to about 55 cents. The general opinion of the editors who have written me seems to be that the paying of postage, even though it amounted to much more, has compensating advantages. I wish to thank these editors for their courtesy in replying. It is evident that postage affects only the newspapers that have a wide general circulation.

SUCCESS of the most indisputable sort has met the Postmaster-General's introduction into Canada of postal notes. It is said that nearly a year and a half was consumed in preparing the water-lines and other details of the paper on which the notes were to be printed, and it was not until last August that the notes appeared. The highest amount for which they are issued is five dollars, and during the first month only two thousand of those which had been in circulation, and had been cancelled, were returned to the postoffice headquarters in Ottawa, where they are filed and can be referred to as vouchers for the payment of a debt by those who have used them and kept the numbers of the notes. In September, 5,000 cancelled



MADAME MARCELLA SEMBRICH,
The Great Soprano who sings at Massey Hall next Thursday.

advantage of Collingwood and Montreal, with nothing but a vague benefit in sight for ourselves. It is easy to talk glibly of what the grain trade will do for us, but it has not yet been proven to the satisfaction of practical men that the deepening of Collingwood harbor and the building of the air-line would give us the grain trade. Furthermore, some practical man should compute how much benefit to Toronto even a large section of the grain trade would be if we got it. Professor Goldwin Smith speaks very pessimistically, and yet not without good sense, with regard to attracting such an amount of shipping to our harbor as would anything like bring back the busy times of old. The *Telegram* also puts in some timely words of caution in respect to Toronto's position should it simply be made a way station for the Grand Trunk on its through haul of grain. Toronto as a city and Ontario as a province should be pretty nearly tired of bonusing railroads to carry traffic past our doors. It would seem to those who are sensible, as well as anxious, that this city could do more to make itself a center of the lumber trade. We are favorably located for this business. If a line were built to Sudbury, and the great lumber country which stretches up to the Height of Land were tapped, we ought to find big business in handling the rough product of the mills and finishing it in Toronto. It is to be hoped that those who are so anxious to make a record for themselves in the City Council and the Board of Trade will not be satisfied with the promises of a railway while Montreal gets millions of dollars for harbor improvements, Collingwood gets a deepened harbor, the Grand Trunk gets assistance to straighten its line, the Ottawa Valley gets the canal improvements and a big share of the grain traffic. Taken altogether the proposition seems to me to have but little in it for Toronto, even, as I said before, if we do get some additional grain trade, for at best it would be simply carried across our territory and dumped into vessels without creating any considerable industry. If the Government desires to prevent our being side-tracked, should the Parry Sound Railroad become a part of the Intercolonial system, the Collingwood air-line

the views of the United States Senate and the Roman Catholic Church of that country with regard to the proposed conduct of the conquerors of the Philippines. It is also somewhat surprising to learn that two priests accompanied General Merritt to the Philippines, in order to report to President McKinley the status of the Roman Catholic Church in that part of the moral vineyard, and the attitude of the religious orders to the governments, past, present and future. It is not at all surprising, however, to find that the various religious organizations in the islands, all grouping themselves under the name of the Roman Catholic Church, have obtained vast estates and are the custodians of enormous wealth, some of which is held in trust in order to keep it out of the hands of the rebels.

No one acquainted with the history of either the Spanish-American islands or the republics of Mexico, Central and South America, or of the Philippines, can be unaware of the intense hostility which the rebels against Spanish power have always felt to the priests. In nearly every case almost the first excesses of triumphant revolutionists were in the direction of killing or expelling the tyrannical orders of friars, and the confiscation of church property. Despatches have been continually coming to America from the Philippines describing the outrages committed upon the members of the holy orders by the rebels, telling how churches have been looted and priests either put to death or forced to flee for their lives from the islands. This condition of things, which would exist to a considerable extent in Cuba and Porto Rico if the natives were in power, goes to make up a very difficult problem for President McKinley. If he does not allow the natives to confiscate the property which has been ground out of them by these rapacious monks, of which we have no counterpart in Canada and the United States, disaffection of the most violent sort will exist, for it has been said with a great deal of truth that nearly all the revolutions in the Spanish colonies have been largely caused by the blindness, greed and improprieties of those who have misrepresented the Church. If those who have been freed from Spanish rule are not permitted to make any sort of reprisals their

notes were returned, and in October this number had increased to 11,000, while in November 28,000 were used, and in December nearly 60,000 cancelled notes were returned. Thus every month the issue has more than doubled, indicating that their popularity and usefulness have only begun.

The *Mail and Empire* is now clamoring for a one-cent drop-letter, though it has already predicted that a tax will have to be put on tea to pay for the deficit caused by the domestic penny postage rate. The Conservative organ was trapped into clamoring for the two-cent rate between points within the Dominion, and it cannot possibly abuse the Postmaster-General for having brought the act into force, though no doubt it will attempt to wound him on that score later on. Its wall for a one-cent drop-letter, however, will be lost in the winds of its chronic woe, for the P. M. G. is unlikely to risk any further changes at the present time, particularly as rural Conservative associations are already protesting that the farmer will have to bear the deficit created by a reduction of rate made to benefit business men. Furthermore, if where letters are delivered by postmen the people were only to pay a one-cent rate, the people in small towns, and even in rural localities, would be to a certain extent justified in demanding the establishment of a delivery system, which, of course, at present would be impossible, as it would take more money than there is in the treasury to accomplish it. The delivery system of Toronto costs probably \$75,000 a year, and while this city provides more revenue than any other section of Canada, yet it is hardly likely that the taxpayers would be willing to assume the cost of delivery in order to obtain a drop-letter rate of one cent. Possibly if Toronto were to offer to pay for the delivery of her own letters the Postmaster-General might agree to give them a one-cent rate, but it is unlikely that the city could be induced to make such an offer. The cry would be at once raised, were the city to pay for its own delivery out of the general taxes, that the poor and those who wrote but few letters were being oppressed in order to benefit the business classes. On the surface this would look like a correct statement of the case, for the majority are not anxious to get the circulars, duns and catalogues which are sent to them, and they write very few drop-letters themselves. This, however, might be offset by the statement that the business people pay the most taxes and consequently bear the greater burden, but it would never "go" in a municipal election. Consequently, if the cities are not willing to undertake their own delivery it is premature for anyone to expect the rate to be cut down to one cent while small towns and rural districts have no delivery at all, but would seize the first pretext to clamor for one.

Madame Marcella Sembrich.

MME. MARCELLA SEMBRICH, whose portrait appears on the first page of this paper, has suddenly come to be recognized as, perhaps, the greatest lyric artist of her sex on the operatic stage to-day. She is unique because she unites with a peerless, bird-like power of vocal utterance, exceptional dramatic power. All her rivals in bravura singing, of whom the most notable is Madame Melba, are lacking in the dramatic quality; she, on the contrary, has rich gifts of temperament. Madame Sembrich is a native of Poland, and is therefore a countrywoman of the great tenor, Jean de Reszke, who is notable for the same characteristics that distinguish her art.

Mme. Sembrich made an appearance in Toronto about a year and a half ago, but it being early in the concert season many music-lovers missed the opportunity of hearing her; but now that she is to appear at Massey Hall on Thursday evening next no lover of music will let the opportunity pass. She will be assisted by Sig. Campanari, the great baritone; Salignac, the tenor, and Miss Ruth Heyman, the pianist, also from New York. Last season Mme. Sembrich went to Berlin, where she aroused a perfect *furore*; then she went to Russia, where similar ovations were accorded her. This season she returned to the United States as the leading prima donna of the Maurice Grau Opera Company, and her success has surpassed even the amazing triumphs of Calve five years ago, with the difference that the French singer's success was confined to one role, whereas Sembrich scores a greater success with each new performance. If she were not a great singer she could be a great actress—as it is she is both. At one performance at the Metropolitan Theater the box-office receipts were \$12,000.

What Toronto Cannot Have.

An Interview with a Prominent Railway Man.

“YOU should know more than most people whether anything can come from all this talk about Toronto getting a share of the grain trade,” I said to a prominent railway man. “Tell me what you think of it. Can Toronto do anything worth while by having an air line built to Collingwood?”

“You newspaper men,” said he, “are always engaged in shouting for some big thing that is always going to do wonders. A year ago you were all wild-eyed about a line to James's Bay; now you are all in hysterics about an air-line to Collingwood. What will you shout about a year from to-day?”

“I am not shouting, I am consulting an eminent authority.”

“Whose opinions, if published, would be without influence, because people would say that he was but trying to push the interests of his own railroad?”

“Every man has to put up with that,” I said. “Can Toronto be made a center for the grain trade?”

“Never—while water runs down hill,” he replied. “Toronto can never handle the winter shipments; and it can never handle the summer shipments unless it can, in competition, overcome the C.P.R., the Grand Trunk, and the Ottawa and Parry Sound railways. It cannot get its hands on the winter shipments because the C.P.R. brings grain to North Bay and there breaks it up into lots for furtherance to the various points of consignment. The G.T.R. brings grain to the Sarnia tunnel, where it is broken up for furtherance to various points. Does anyone suppose that the Grand Trunk can ever be induced to bring all its grain to Toronto, and then haul a lot of it back again to points in Western Ontario? It is out of the question. It is the same with the C.P.R. at North Bay. No railroad will haul a pound of freight a mile out of its way unnecessarily.”

“But it is the summer shipments that Toronto wants.”

“Can't have them,” he said. “The C.P.R. brings grain by boat to its own line at Owen Sound. The G.T.R. does the same to its own line at Midland. The O. & P.S. does the same to its own line at Depot Harbor. There are big elevators at these three places and deep harbors, and once a cargo of grain gets loaded from boats into cars at one of these points it is rushed through by rail to the sea. Sentiment will not influence the grain shipper. He will ship by the route that gives him the cheapest rate and the quickest run, so you see, if Toronto gets an air-line to Collingwood that line will have to compete, not with Owen Sound, Midland and Parry Sound, but with the three railways. That means more than the average person realizes. The G.T.R., for instance, will not haul grain from Collingwood to Toronto if it can haul it from Midland to Portland. The object of its existence is to haul freight. Whatever railway men may pretend to say you may depend upon it that the three railways will use the full power of their organizations to keep the grain trade in their hands. But what is it that is proposed? Do you know that the Government has granted \$141,000 to Collingwood harbor, and that the sum has been nearly all spent? The water there is two feet lower than it used to be, and from the surface of the water to bed rock is but thirteen feet. It is not dredging that the harbor needs, but the blasting of a channel three or four hundred yards wide. Boats of sixteen and eighteen feet draught have pulled up at Owen Sound, Midland and Depot Harbor wharfs this summer loaded with grain. You see what an immense task confronts the Government at Collingwood. Why should Toronto make this undertaking her own and make acknowledgments for it as a favor done to her? Is there nothing nearer at hand and more vital that she could seek for?”

“Well, what can Toronto do?” I asked.

“Perhaps nothing; not necessarily anything. She should not accept a hopeless expenditure at Collingwood in order to win her consent to an enormous expenditure on the Montreal harbor. She should not be jolled, but if anything is done in her

alleged behalf, let it really accrue to her permanent benefit, and not merely soothe her into good humor while enormous outlays are being made on the Montreal harbor.”

“That's what you think about it?” I asked.

“Listen,” he said sententiously. “Here is the way I see things. The C. P. R. wants to control the fast Atlantic service; the G. T. R. wants a line to tap Manitoba and the North-West; the Intercolonial Railway wants to make its western terminus at Depot Harbor, Parry Sound; Montreal wants a great harbor; Toronto shouts louder than any city or railway, but does not know what she wants. Montreal and the railways all want things that are worth having and things which, if granted, would probably make business hum in Canada; Toronto doesn't know what she wants, but if she doesn't get something that looks big she will raise no end of a row when the Montreal harbor begins to expand and developments are made in other directions. Hence you Toronto people are convincing yourselves that Collingwood harbor is your side door. You have been given a stone egg to hatch.”

“Are you mostly a railroad man or a politician?” I asked.

“I expected to be misunderstood,” said he.

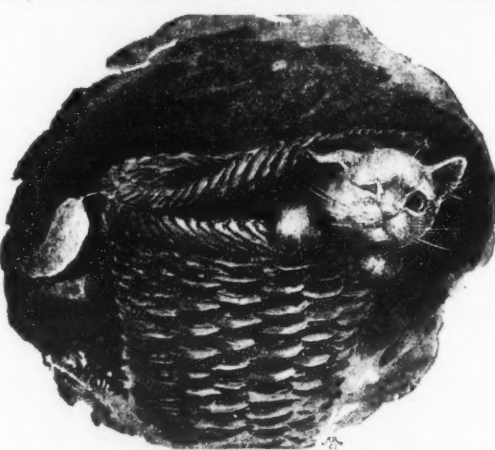
Social and Personal.

MRS. CATTANACH entertained a number of young friends on two evenings of this week at dinner. The first dinner was on Wednesday; the second, which was in honor of Post-Captain Kingsmill, R.N., son of Judge Kingsmill, took place last night. Only the young folks were included in these pleasant affairs. Covers were laid for sixteen. On Wednesday Mr. Charles Shaw, the member for Stafford, England, who is on a visit to Canada, was a welcome guest. Mrs. Cattanaach did not give a dance as reported.

Dr. and Mrs. Yates came to town this week. Dr. Yates went on to Brantford, Mrs. Yates remaining with Mrs. Bunting. Mrs. George Hodgins is visiting friends in the West, who have missed her since she removed from their neighborhood. A dance at Cona Lodge will be an evening of pleasure for Mrs. J. K. Macdonald's young friends next Monday. The other afternoon Miss Parritt, a guest at Cona Lodge, was given a pleasant afternoon tea by her kind hostess, Mrs. Tilley of London was down for the Local Council of Women's annual meeting, and was entertained by Mrs. Scates of Wellington Place. On Tuesday Mrs. Pelham Edgar entertained thirty members of the Women's Council for luncheon, acting as hostess in the place of the absent president, Lady James Edgar. Mrs. Maule of 36 Avenue road is hostess to a couple of afternoon teas given this week. Yesterday and to-day were the dates chosen. Miss Boulton was the guest of Mrs. Frank Mackelcan for the fancy dress ball visit to Hamilton. Mr. Cockburn and Mr. Churchill Cockburn returned from Virginia this week. Mr. Hugh S. Brockunier of Wheeling, Virginia, paid a flying visit to Toronto this week. He goes next week on survey to Crow's Nest Pass, where he has already spent several months at work.

On Wednesday afternoon Miss Louise Jones was hostess to a charming little luncheon at the Hunt Club given in honor of her cousin, pretty Miss Temple Dixon, who has recently returned to Toronto with her aunt, Miss Quinlan, after studying under noted masters in New York. The number of the guests matched the number of the Muses, and the girls had a lovely hour with each other. Everyone is glad to know Miss Muriel Temple Dixon, who is a most winning creature, and as sweet in disposition as she is in appearance. Miss Dixon has several engagements to recite in Toronto soon, the first being with those two talented young Canadian songbirds, Miss Margaret Huston and Miss Bessie Bonnell, and also Miss Florence Taylor, who is called Detroit's leading pianiste. This interesting concert takes place next Tuesday week in Association Hall.

The International Poultry Show has been on all week in the Pavilion. Too funny for anything are the sights and sounds. In rows of cages are Darby and Joan, some of them with crowns of crimson and earlaps of white, these are the black Spanish who lay the lovely brown eggs; some with chrysanthemums of feathers on their heads, or yellow feather pompons or dusters, and some important-looking Polands with beards of feathers in addition to the topknots; meek-looking white hens with long red combs flopping over their noses, while Socky Locky's martial red head-dress stands erect and combative;



long, lanky, straddling game-cocks, like cavalry officers in riding togs. One almost expects to hear them say, “Bai Jove,” before they crow. And rampant Black Hamburgs, and huge, beautifully mottled Plymouth Rocks, their eloquent eyes flashing as they shouted defiance to the next crower. There were exquisite gold and silver Seabright bantams, and demure, small white ones, with heads like powder-puffs, and many great sedate creatures with over-topped heads, like judges in their wigs, and thirsty hens that went quack with open bills and a general pushing and crowding to the tiny tin water-cups when the caretaker came with his watering can. In the entrance hall were exquisitely colored pheasants, a revelation to many by their brilliant-tinted feathers. One pathetic cage labeled “Damaged in transit,” with what had been a glorious golden pheasant, minus a tail, and several others looking like “too much New Year's,” provoked ohs and ahs from sympathetic souls. Upstairs were adorable guinea pigs with their fat wee piglets, and bunnies, and in a small room some fine cats, and cages of beautiful love-birds, and rows of canaries and finches, and some delightful, chatty parrots, all and each and every one asserting their right to make a noise if they liked. The children were in ecstasies over the whole affair at matinees, and a more interesting exhibit has never been held in Canada.

Mrs. Melvin-Jones gives a dance at Llawhaden on January 26 at nine o'clock. Mrs. W. R. Hiddell of St. George street gives a tea on next Thursday afternoon. Mrs. Alfred Gooderham gives a tea at Maplecroft on Monday, January 16. Miss Elmsley gives a tea for young people next Saturday afternoon at her home in Elmsley Place.

Cards are out for the second assembly given by the Royal Grenadiers, which takes place next Friday evening in the Pavilion.

The Argonauts' Ball in Confederation Life Building on February 3 will be a grand opening festivity for the short-winter month in the year. Tickets may be had for \$1.50 each at the committee rooms, 24 King street east, on and after Monday next. The following gentlemen are a formidable and energetic crowd, and are going into the affair *con amore*: Messrs. D. Bremner, R. P. Vivian, C. O. DeLisle, V. E. Henderson, Charles Meek, J. Cooper Mason, J. C. Thompson, J. G. Merrick, D. H. McDougall, Alexander Fraser, W. H. Bunting, A. R. Denison, T. P. Galt and C. E. A. Goldman, secretary dance committee. The lady patronesses who have already expressed their willingness to act are: Mrs. Galt, Mrs. Hardy, Mrs. Nordheimer, Mrs. W. Ince, Jr., Mrs. Alec Fraser, Mrs. Sweny, Mrs. George Gooderham, Mrs. A. E. Gooderham, Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. Hammond, Mrs. Greville-Harston, Mrs. Barker, Mrs. J. I. David-



son and Mrs. A. R. Denison. A lively interest should be taken in this function, as the boys always do Toronto credit and are among our brightest and most energetic young citizens.

Mr. Harold Muntz, who had the misfortune to dislocate his elbow and fracture a bone in his arm at the opening of the Rosedale toboggan slide, is doing very nicely. Mr. Percy Beatty, his partner, who had *la grippe*, is now all right again.

Mrs. Bolte is visiting her friend, Mrs. Sparks, in Philadelphia. Mr. and Mrs. Harry Corby and Miss Corby of Belleville are guests at the Rossin. Mr. and Mrs. Vaux Chadwick are stopping on a short visit at Lanmar. Mrs. Stephen Richards and Miss Richards are at 229 College street for a short time en route to Vancouver.

Mrs. and Miss Wallbridge have left the Arlington but will not receive at their new residence, 20 Madison avenue, till some time in February.

Mr. Sherwood Hodgins, son of Mr. Frank Hodgins of Cloyne-wood, is home on a short leave from his ship the *Imperieuse*.

Miss Essie Case of Spadina road had a number of young friends at a charming evening party one evening recently. Mrs. Case was a most kind and winning hostess to her daughter's friends. Mr. Lennie Case has been on a visit to young Mr. Fuller in Woodstock.

Miss Van Rensselaer of New York is the guest of Mrs. Victor Cawthra. Dr. and Mrs. Edmund Baldwin have returned from their wedding trip. Miss Gray of Ottawa is the guest of Mrs. Bristol. Miss Rose Chadwick is visiting at Lanmar. Mrs. Temple gives a young people's dance next Wednesday. Miss Maggie Bruce is visiting relatives in Hamilton. Hon. Edward and Mrs. Blake are in Switzerland.

Mr. Alec Creelman is one of the city's favorites, and many expressions of regret are heard at his impending removal to Listowel, even though on promotion. Mr. Creelman is president of the O.H.A., and also an enthusiast on the bowling green; in fact, his jolly and inspiring energy will be missed from many sports. As to his dancing, we all know that Sandy Creelman's partner never suffers in a collision and that the dance is always too short. Perhaps none of the girls will miss him more than his firm chums and nieces, Mr. A. R. Creelman's bright and winsome little daughters.

Mr. O-borne has taken little Margaret down to her mamma in Lake wood, N.J.; Miss Jessie Macpherson was of the party. Mr. David Denne and Mrs. Denne of Montreal have returned home after a holiday visit in Toronto. Mr. W. J. Thorold of the Julia Arthur Company spent the week with relatives in Toronto; the star having recovered from her illness, the company go to Boston next week, and Mr. Thorold leaves to rejoin them. Miss Helen Macdonald of Simcoe street is visiting Mrs. Reeves in Montreal. Miss Laura Lurand is taking a holiday in New York, where also several other Torontonians are this week enjoying a splendid feast of grand opera.

Mrs. Welch, Mrs. Rigby and Mrs. Elmes Henderson will be at home to visitors this season only on the first and second Fridays in each month.

A quiet ceremony last week celebrated the marriage of Rev. J. Mockridge of Detroit and Miss Beatrice Osler, daughter of Mr. Justice Osler, Dr. Langtry officiating, assisted by Rev. Canon Osler, uncle of the bride, and Rev. Dr. Mockridge, brother of the groom. Mr. and Mrs. Mockridge will reside in Detroit, where the bridegroom has already done good work in an interesting parish, and where his young wife will be a great power for good. The wedding was a quiet one, only the family circle and a few intimates being witnesses.

Mrs. Osler of Craigleigh has sent out invitations to a dance which will take place on February 2.

Mr. and Mrs. Brock, and the Misses Brock, of Queen's Park, sail to-day for Italy. Their destination is Rome, where, by the way, Miss Eva Jones is spending a few weeks' holiday from her enthusiastic study of music in Leipzig.

Madame Routhier of Quebec is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Sutton. On Tuesday next Lady Thompson will give a luncheon in her honor at Derwent Lodge. Mr. Sutton, who was ill for a few days with *grippe*, is now quite recovered.

Grippe is playing havoc with soldiers three. Captain Forester, Mr. Lister, and Mr. James Elmsley, A.D.C., are all its victims this week. Mr. Elmsley went home from Barracks on Wednesday a pretty sick man.

Young people's parties of the jolliest are the rule just now. Miss McArthur's progressive last Monday was a notably successful affair, some sixteen tables being occupied by a happy crowd of unmarried folks. Miss McArthur was very becomingly gowned in white and green. Miss Edith McArthur returned from her Western visit in time to participate in the pleasure. All those radiant debutantes from the west side and a few of their rivals on the east side, with a very smart set of cavaliers, made up one of the season's prettiest parties.

A rumor is going about that the engagement will shortly be announced of a St. George street beauty and a very eligible young man.

The engagement of Mr. A. Gordon Crawford and Miss Lillian Lee is arousing warm congratulations from the friends of these popular young people.

Miss Aggie Vickers is another *fiancee* whose happiness pleases her friends. The lucky man is Mr. Mackenzie of London. Miss Mackenzie is on a visit to Toronto this week.

Mrs. Sandham is another victim of *la grippe*, which has intervened to prevent her departure yet a while. General and Mrs. Sandham were to have sailed for England this week.

A jolly party of boys took a sleigh ride with supper at Weston on Monday, under the direction of Mr. Alfred Plummer. The boys had a glorious time, and their host was the biggest “boy” of the party.

Mrs. Colin Gordon gave a lovely party for her children's friends on Monday afternoon, when the small folks had much fun, and Kathleen and Rob were perfect little hostess and host to their young comrades.

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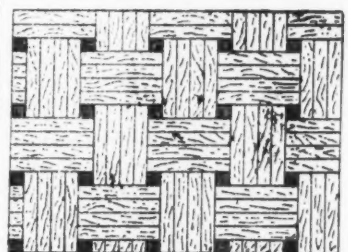
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Social and Personal.

HISTORICALLY and artistically Hamilton has always been noted for successful ventures, and the grand Fancy Dress Ball of last Friday evening, January 6, was only another triumph, as everyone had anticipated. The Drill Hall, in which the ball was held, needs a lot of decoration, and its need was fully met by the judicious arrangement of flags, bunting and electrically illuminated designs, which gave to balls of the present day so much brilliancy. In this fitting environment was received the most brilliant company seen in many years, and the costumes were both becoming and well carried out. The hall was under the auspices of two noted clubs, the Garrick and the Leander, and every detail was managed in a way showing both the knowledge and the will to achieve perfection. The specially laid floor was in good order, the music of the famous 13th all that its reputation demanded, and the supper both bountiful and excellently served. The various company rooms were transformed into the prettiest of sitting-out nooks, and the mess-rooms into smoking rooms for the men guests of the evening. The Grand March was led by Mrs. P. D. Cramer, a Hamilton matron of graceful and dignified presence, and a leader of society there for years, accompanied by Hon. J. M. Gibson; Mrs. J. M. Gibson was escorted by Mr. Lucas; the former lady represented Our Lady of the Sunshine, all gold and pink, with yellow roses and wheat ears for a crown, and a pink tulle veil bordered with rose-leaves; Mrs. Gibson wore a very rich satin brocade with a *coiffure poudree*; Mrs. Lucas was delightfully quaint as Miss Matty from Mrs. Gaskell's Cranford, and was escorted by Dr. Thompson, who was anything but a Mr. Peter, such as the old story describes; Mrs. Baker, a lady of the Georgian period, was in black velvet and diamonds with white satin *jupes* and powder, and was escorted by Mayor Teetzel, an eighteenth century beau; Mrs. Hendrie was magnificently gowned in a Francis I. court costume of blue and silver and many fine diamonds, and marched with Colonel Morrison; Mrs. D'Arcy Martin contrasted with the radiant leader of the march as Our Lady of the Snows, and was attended by Mr. Charlie McInnes; Mrs. Charlton was a stunning Duchess of Marlborough, and, as the famous Sarah, wore her velvet and lace with a grand air, Mr. R. T. Steele was her cavalier; the Wife of Captain Cornwall was personated by Mrs. McWhurn in an old-time brocade with mob cap and *schu*, and Mr. J. M. Young was her escort; Mrs. J. S. Hendrie was a brilliant Portia all in scarlet, who had Mr. Baker, Antonio, a gentleman of Verona, as cavalier; Mrs. Russell of Detroit as 1820 was a fascinating "has-been" and had a gallant soldier, Major Hendrie, as Louis XVI, for her "beau"; Mrs. R. T. Steele was *poudree* in white satin and diamonds and marched with Major McWhurn; Mrs. Teetzel as La Normandie was escorted by Dr. White; Mr. G. Hope escorted Mrs. Pappas, who wore a handsome court toilette. Several sets, *ala* Victorian Era Ball, were arranged, the electric being much admired; the golf set was also immensely smart. The set arranged by that artistic group from the Holmstead, where all the worthies of the nursery frolicked and a Christmas tree took on vitality, was the cynosure of all eyes. King Cole, Bluebeard, Little Boy Blue, and Punchinello, Pierrette and Pierrot, R. d. Ridinghood, Puss in Boots, Miss Muffet, the Queen of Hearts, Cinderella, and the Sleeping Beauty, were all delightfully portrayed. A Scottish set was gotten up by eight young folks, and that dashing group from London in "pink" were again near the tree when time was called. Toronto loaned Miss Graeme Stewart, all in white and powder, to her former home; Miss Rossie Boulthie of Iver House was a smart Grenadier; Miss Quinlan was Autumn, and her niece, pretty Miss Murray Temple Dixon, was a bewitching Lady Hamilton. Mr. Arthur Onderdonk, in pink tights and brief-skirt, was called a fairy and a ballet girl; his costume and antics were very remarkable. Mr. Percy Onderdonk, as a Monk, was a sort of set-off to the fairy. Miss Agnes Dunlop was Madame Sontag, in white satin, and poke half hiding her piquant face. A very good costume was Mr. Gartsch's "Eney" "Awkins, a London costermonger. Miss Constance Lucas was Fatima, in yellow and white; Miss Jessie O'Reilly was a charming Sunflower; Miss Louise O'Reilly was a Snowdrop; Mrs. Turner was Marie Antoinette; Miss Bristol of Dunkirk was a Queen Anne beauty; Miss Lewis, sister of Julia Arthur, was a Lady of Quality, robed most beautifully by Miss Arthur; Miss Kate Connell was a Roman girl; Miss Ruth Fuller was a scarlet Poppy; Miss Powell, as June Roses, was in white *satins*, with green leaves and roses in the *coiffure* and *en berthe*. Mr. George Gates was Louis XVI, and Mr. Owen Carscallen George IV.

Mrs. W. M. Fisher of Winnipeg is in town, and is staying with her mother, Mrs. John Leckie of Parkdale. Mrs. Fisher will spend the winter in Toronto, and will be at home with her mother at 170 Dowling avenue on second and fourth Thursdays.

Dr. Rowan of Stouffville has sold out his practice in that town and has removed to Toronto, leasing the office and residence of the late Dr. James Rae, 301 Dundas street.

A St. Thomas correspondent writes: We have not been very gay this winter, but the few teas given have been very much appreciated. On Wednesday afternoon Mrs. Kains had a very delightful afternoon tea, at which music and gossip were pleasantly combined. Friday afternoon, in spite of a very heavy snowstorm, Mrs. Laycock gave a very enjoyable afternoon tea. Miss Laycock, in white over yellow, made a charming little hostess, and was ably assisted by her girl friends,

Misses Green, Nicoll, Kains, Ermatinger, I. Southwick, Gilbert, K. Gilbert and Farley, gowned in light organdies and black velvet picture hats. The Misses Gilbert looked very fetching in white organdies, trimmed with lace and lace; Miss Muriel Ermatinger looked very pretty in pale blue; Miss Kains was very sweet in a pink organdie. One of the prettiest gowns worn was Miss Nicoll's pale green organdie, trimmed with numerous *chiffon* frills and pale green baby ribbon; Miss Green, who couldn't look anything but stunning, was gowned in pure white organdie; *petite* Miss Farley looked very well in pale blue and white. Among the guests I noticed: Mrs. Kelsey, in whose honor the tea was given, looking very handsome in a brown tailor-made gown trimmed with narrow black braid; Mesdames Nicoll, Rich, Peterson, MacCausland, Coyne, Hill, Gustin, MacCrimmon, Ermatinger, Kains, MacAdam, Reynolds, Mickleborough, Graham and Farley, Misses Travers, Southwick, and others too numerous to mention. A most informal afternoon tea was given Monday by Miss Paul, for her charming niece, Miss Lillian Paul of New York, who is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Morton. The old colonial house, with its broad piazza and lofty pillars, never showed to better advantage. Inside all was gay laughing and talking; the old square room was prettily lighted by shaded lamps that shed a soft glow over all. In one corner I noticed the dearest spinning-wheel, and in another such a beautiful old cabinet. The tea was served in quaint old china. The Misses Moore and Miss Lay Southwick assisted Miss Paul; Miss Lillian was gowned in a handsome blue cloth, with a chenille hat trimmed with black and white wings; she has a most fascinating manner and a charming presence, it is indeed a treat to meet her; Miss Gilbert looked very pretty in a black velvet hat and blue gown; Miss Nicoll never looked better, a purple tailor-made gown showing her blonde beauty off to perfection; Miss Laycock, in a brown tailor-made suit, looked, as usual, very charming; Miss Southwick looked very well in plaid silk waist and silk skirt; the Misses Moore were admired in black and brown; Miss Green looked unusually well in a dark green suit trimmed with red; Mrs. Mackay wore pale blue and very sweet she looked; she delighted all with her beautifully played piano solo. I also noticed Mrs. Gustin, the Misses MacCartney, K. Gilbert, Ermatinger, Hughes, and a host of others. Miss Ada Arkell has returned from a two weeks' visit to New York, where she was the guest of her cousin, Mr. W. B. Mickleborough of the Bank of Toronto, London, spent Sunday in the city. Mr. Harry Travers, Bank of Montreal, Lindsay, is spending his holidays with his aunts, the Misses Travers. Mrs. H. B. Travers and Miss Laycock attended the *hat poudree* given by Mrs. C. S. Hyman of London. There is a faint rumor of another engagement, this time between a Pearl street belle and one learned in newspaper lore; a simple opal ring has done it all. Practicing has begun in earnest for the Ladies' Hockey Club, and so far one black eye, the result of a hockey stick that was waved wildly in the air by a too enthusiastic member, has been the only accident. They say it is very funny to see the girls play. Their colors are red and black. The many friends of Mr. R. H. Arkell of the Merchants' Bank were charmed to hear of his return from Hamilton, where he has been relieving for the past two weeks.

Mrs. Wilbur and her charming daughter, Aileen, of New York have returned home after spending the holiday season with Mr. J. D. King.

Mrs. J. F. Logan will receive on first and third Thursdays at 32 Strachan avenue.

Mrs. Arthur McCollum (*nee* Freyseng) and Mrs. Ed. Freyseng (*nee* Hunter of Detroit) will hold their post-nuptial receptions on Wednesday, January 18, and Thursday, January 19, at 315 Carlton street.

Miss Nina Fischer of Russell street gave a progressive euchre party on Friday evening, December 30, in honor of her cousin, Miss Edna Cowper of Buffalo, N. Y.

Mrs. C. Preston Clark of 31 Wilcox street will be at home to her friends Tuesdays.

Miss Edith J. Miller's song recital on Monday evening next in Association Hall will be under the patronage of Lady Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Hardy, Mrs. Frederick Mowat, Mrs. G. H. Bertram, Mrs. Arthur, Mrs. Melvin-Jones, Mrs. James, Mrs. George Dickson, Mrs. George Harman, Mrs. George Hagarty, Mrs. A. W. Austin, Mrs. Walter Barwick, Mrs. James Loudon, Mrs. Irving Cameron and Miss Cart.

Mr. J. R. Walker, general agent for Canada of the Florida East Coast System of Hotels, Railway and Steamship Co. has removed to 22 Victoria street and will be pleased to furnish illustrated literature and full information to those desirous of visiting Nassau and the Sunny South. Special railway and hotel arrangements, etc. Telephone 237.

A lawyer recently went to bathe, and encountered a huge shark. Their eyes met for an instant, when the shark blushed, and swam away.—E.C.

Society at the Capital.

Society graced the first skating party of the year—that of Wednesday night. There were a number of hostesses, seven or eight in fact, and as all were equally perfect in the art of entertaining the affair was a pronounced success. Among the number were: Mrs. Dobell, Mrs. Dominick Brown, Mrs. Schreiber and Miss Scott. His Excellency and the Countess of Minto were present, coming early and staying late, and none entered more heartily into the dances and marches than they. Lady Minto, whose graceful skating everyone admired, wore a most

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becoming costume of red, of a crimson shade, with handsome beaver trimmings. His Excellency, Lady Sybil Beaulieu and Capt. Graham, A.D.C., completed the Government House party. The grand march was led by Lord Minto, with that graceful skater, Mrs. Louis Jones, Lady Minto having as her partner Lieut.-Col. Irwin. The grand march was followed by lancers, quadrilles and waltzes galore. Throughout the evening coffee and claret cup were to be had in the cosy tea-room.

Mrs. Edward Griffin left on Monday for Toronto, where she represented the local branch at the meeting of the executive of the National Council, which took place during the week. Miss Wilson, who has been appointed secretary, is expected in Canada from Siam this month, where she has had charge of the King's Daughters. Miss Wilson, it will be remembered, came out first to Canada with Lady Aberdeen, as private secretary.

Miss Mary Grey left on Thursday for Toronto, where she will pay a visit to Mrs. Bristol.

Miss Ethel Hendry of Kingston is a bright little visitor in town at present. She is the guest of Mrs. Allan Gilmore.

Mrs. Fielding, wife of Hon. Mr. Fielding, Minister of Finance, left on Friday for Halifax. She will not return to the Capital till the end of the month.

Mr. Charles Patterson, son of His Honor the Lieut.-Governor of Manitoba, is in town on a short visit to friends. Mr. Patterson has many friends here who gladly welcome his visit.

Mrs. Drummond Hogg was the hostess at a large and very successful At Home on Friday afternoon. Her rooms looked very bright and pretty, bunches of lovely roses and carnations being placed in dainty vases. Mrs. Hogg received in the large drawing-room, while in another room the tea-table, presided over by the Misses Burdette, was laid. Those present included: Lady Davies, Mrs. Blair, Mrs. Sifton, Mrs. Dominick Brown, Miss Dobell, Mrs. Gormully, Miss Gormully, Mrs. King, Mrs. G. E. Foster, Mrs. Sedgewick, Mrs. Travers Lewis, Mrs. Fletcher, Mrs. Stewart, the Misses Stewart, Misses Grant, Scott, Fielding, Powell, Bate, Dawson, and Toller.

In the presence of the Earl and Countess of Minto and a large and fashionable audience, Sir John Bourinot lectured on Monday evening, his subject being The Loyalist Makers of Canada. The lecture was under the auspices of the Women's Historical Society, who are to be congratulated upon the success of the evening.

The tea hour on Thursday found a merry little *coterie* assembled in Mrs. D'Arcy Scott's cosy drawing-room in response to invitations to tea in honor of her guest, Miss Loretta Scott. Mrs. Scott was assisted in receiving by her guest, very prettily gowned in gray with touches of *chiffon*.

Friday next will see the marriage of Miss Zaidie Cambie, one of the most charming of Ottawa girls, to Mr. Hugh Russell, who formerly resided here, but has lately made his home in California. The ceremony is to be performed in St. George's church and afterwards a reception will be held at the residence of the bride's mother in Cooper street. Miss Cambie has many friends in Toronto, from whom good wishes and handsome presents are arriving.

Sir Charles Tupper sailed from Liverpool for home on Thursday last. Sir Charles is accompanied by Lady Tupper and their granddaughter, Miss Mary Tupper of Winnipeg, who has been their devoted companion.

Mrs. Fraser of Elgin street gave a very enjoyable tea on Tuesday afternoon, and on the evening of that day Mrs. Perley was the hostess at a most successful euchre party.

Miss O'Brien of Sherbourne street, Toronto, arrived in town this week on a visit to her brother, Mr. Henry O'Brien, at his comfortable quarters in Cooper street.

Mrs. Gormully gave a very jolly little tea on Monday afternoon in honor of her charming guest, Miss O'Meara of Chicago.

Mr. Victor Cavendish and Lady Evelyn Cavendish sailed from London on Saturday for this country, where they are to spend some time.

Mr. Charles Shaw, M.P. for Stafford in the British House of Commons, was among the prominent visitors in town

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and restored to its original color, beauty and softness. The hair can be washed and dressed without affecting the color. It is far better to leave gray hair alone than to use cheap and worthless preparations, which will not only destroy the color but the hair also.

If your hair is gray, falling out, dry, or colorless, the scalp itchy and dandruffy, come to us and have it treated.

We give the best and most natural treatment for the hair.

Six Private Parlors for hair treatment.

Ladies' fashionable Hair Dressing.

There is nothing which adds to a lady's appearance like a becoming and well dressed head of hair. You can tell a refined lady by her hair and her *coiffure*.

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A Woman's Detestation

is a young man's ambition. What is your aim? Why, a growth of

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

on the face. No woman like to have whiskers or a moustache. She cuts or pulls them or uses depilatories, only to make them far worse. We have the only remedy that will permanently remove the trouble.

ELECTROLYSIS

leaves no scar when removed by skilled operators. Noles, Warts, Birthmarks, etc., removed by the same method. Send for book, "Health and Good Looks."

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96 Yonge Street
Samples sent.

this week. He was a guest at the Russell during his stay.

Ottawa, Jan. 10, '99.

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Promise yourself on the threshold of a new year to give up the worry and hard work and uncertainty when you want a nice, rich, nutritious soup after this, in a hurry.

One of those convenient little Soup Squares of highest quality (Lazenby's) makes 1½ pints of fine soup, and without any effort on your part either.

Lazenby's Soup Squares

Made in England, but sold Everywhere.

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The celebrated "Yatis" is unexcelled in point of comfort, finish, durability and scientific correctness. For the delicate lady or the business woman it is the garment par excellence.

"Yatis" corsets are made in both long and short-waisted styles to suit all forms.

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It is an easy matter to erect an elaborate *coiffure* but to dress the hair to suit the contour of the head it requires an artist who studies each line of the different features of his patrons. We employ none but the best artists, and we have the largest staff in Toronto for trimming, singeing and shampooing. It will pay you to visit us. Scientific electric scalp treatment after fevers, *alopelia*, eczema and general falling of the hair. Hair goods of every description. Prices as low as consistent with first-class goods and workmanship.

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DORENWEND'S January Reduction Sale of Hair Goods

Do not fail if you require anything in Hair Goods to call during our sale and inspect our Switches, Bangs, Wavy Fronts, Wigs, Toupees, etc., which are selling now at GREAT BARGAINS. Nothing but first quality cut hair bought or sold. We have still a few suitable

"New Year's Gifts"

in Dressing Cases, Collar and Cuff Boxes, Manicure Sets, Work Boxes, Perfumery sold singly and in cases. Hair Ornaments of every description. We sell large quantities at small profits.

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NEW GLASSWARE

Rich Gold Decorations

PUNCH CUPS
CRISTAL WINE
BOX BONS, etc.

WILLIAM JUNIOR
39 King St. West, Toronto
Opposite Canada Life Building,

The Lost Rocker Mine.

J. MANFRED BROWN

IN the far northland, recently made familiar by the discovery of gold on the Klondike river, there is a tradition amongst the native Siwash, and vague memory still in the minds of the oldest white inhabitants, that a lone prospector who once frequented the shores of Lake Atlin had found a veritable treasure chest of gold, the "mother lode."

Not that anybody knows who it was or when. His name is never spoken, seldom asked. Tradition, which clings so tenaciously to epochs and characters, has let slip the record whence he came, and no man knows where he lived; and of his habits and environments all men were equally wise. He would appear at the little trading post at Tagish irregularly for supplies; rid himself of quantities of gold, bright and yellow, coarse and heavy. For days he would wander about with the ancestors of Tagish Charlie, now chief of the tribe, speaking Chinook like a native, and forever dispensing gold to their great delight and to no particular advantage to himself; but of his origin, identity, or the source of his seemingly exhaustless wealth, there was no sign. Then, of a morning more stormy and bleak than the rest, he would be gone, when his path was quickly and forever covered by the whirling blizzard. But there came a time when the miner returned no more, and of his sepulchre no man knows to this day.

This story, in almost wholly disconnected parts, I had picked up on the trail to the shores of Lake Bennett. Here I could learn no more, and was regarding it as a myth of the forest—to be forgotten as soon as known.

However, when I reached Tagish it occurred to me again, and, being but three miles from the home of the Tagish Indians, I sought out Tagish Charlie, a lean, hungry creature, with white hair, red coat and blue trousers, and, offering him some tobacco too strong for my use, secured his confidence and listened to his account of the story up to the point already narrated, which was practically the same as I had learned. He stopped short, seemingly out of information, when I questioned the mysterious visitor came only in the winter. "Yes," said he in broken Chinook, "in summer also." "How?" "Canoe." Asked to describe it, he said it was covered inside and out with a white, sticky substance. That settled it.

From my knowledge of the country I knew that vast beds of alkali, combined with an argillaceous substance, existed in that vicinity. Saying no more, I set out for Mount White, the one lofty peak at the head of Lake Atlin, from whose summit on a cloudless day hundreds of miles of territory could be examined with a glass. From this dome, four glaciers, seventeen rivers and six lakes can be seen, and while the smoke from the forest fires far to the eastward interfered considerably, I was soon able to detect considerable beds of this alkali apparently near the junction of Pine River with Lake Atlin. This, by the compass, was south by west six points. As I came down from the summit, I seemed to encounter a passage of more than ordinary regularity, and, following it, came upon a little sheltered cove, once the temporary abode of a white man. The remains of a large camp-fire, the clean-cut stumps, and above all a broken piece of comb sticking between the logs of this primitive shelter, bore indisputable evidence to the work of a civilized person. But what of the builder? Was this once his home? Hardly. The winters are too rigorous here for that. This commenting to myself I instinctively walked to the beach and looked up and down. Nothing but white pebbles and sand in sight. Turning back I nearly tripped over something half concealed with driftwood and shifting sand.

It was not a limb or root. I worked it loose from its bed and soon saw that it was a part of the seat of a boat, but that seemed to hold my eye was the appearance on the side least worn, of white spots showing that it had been once covered with a white substance. Was it possible that here was a piece of that strange boat? Dig as I would and search up and down the shore I could find no trace of anything else artificial.

Taking the board back to the shack I sat down and was turning it over in my hands when I noticed figures cut in the side as shown: "5, 1, 19, 20, 2, 25, 14, 15, 18, 20, 12, 1, and underneath I was able to trace with considerable distinctness these words cut exactly thus:

Wood
John
Mass

Here was a puzzle fit for a royal prize—a "case" for Sherlock Holmes, and then and there I determined to solve it on the spot if my week's supply of grub would permit.

Laying aside the figures as too complex and vague for my inexperienced intellect,

I began at what seemed the easiest part to solve. I reasoned that this man, if he were really the solitary owner of Lost Rocker mine, or not, must have been a partial crank on secrecy anyway. Yet the human nature of which he was a part must speak somehow—somewhere, and this was his name. But what was it? Was it John Mass? or John Wood? or John, Wood Mass? Possibly—but it was unsatisfactory. Here was a real crank. To follow him one must think as he does. Cranks know no law. They are a law unto themselves. He would never write John Wood, if such was his name, because others do it that way. His way shall be his peculiar way. So I said whilst he loves the unique and mysterious he is scrupulous in the observance of precision and method. He will, therefore, omit no step necessary to the solution. But why did he not write it Wood John Mass? Evidently this would leave opportunity for error. The position of the words was necessary to convey the correct meaning. Then it came to me like a flash. I was on the right track. John was written under the word wood. This man was John Underwood! Here I laid the board aside and made the name clear in my diary. Then to the disposition of the word Mass. He was from Massachusetts. Perhaps he came from Underwood, Mass. This would be an encroachment upon the name and would not do. Here it was like the other—in the position of the words: John was under Wood and over Mass. Here then was the exile's identity!

JOHN UNDERWOOD,
ANDOVER,
MASS.

Once before, I believe—long years ago—this identical device was employed by a person whose name was carefully concealed in addressing a letter from the North-West Territories and it was for a time an enigma to the post-office department. No doubt this was the man who sent the letter—proud of his device.

I will admit that I felt like saying, "Mr. Underwood, I am pleased to know you," when I fully realized the clever ruse employed to satisfy his natural craving for originality. It also revealed, as I had guessed, the cry of the human heart, buried in the wilderness, for recognition. For along time I sat unconsciously seeking to question the name for intelligence as to its possessor—his home, kindred, circumstances, adventure and his burial place. For might I not yet serve his better self by a word of information concerning his unique career sent to some New England home?

Failing to become satisfied with the vague and voiceless replies returned to my queries, I opened my diary and recorded, apparently for a definite purpose, my friend's address: Andover, Mass., beneath his name.

It was now my duty to take up the task of the figures, and I copied them plainly upon a piece of white paper as I deciphered them from the canoe seat, 5, 1, 19, 20, 2, 25, 14, 15, 18, 20, 12, 1. The same man cut both—a crank. More definite information about himself probably—most indefinitely expressed! Cleverly concealed, but legible by a logical process. Evidently words were too easy—too usual for my friend's taste. Some peculiar arrangements of them had doubtless been tried and abandoned because no position could be found that would give every step essential to their correct interpretation. This was a problem in hieroglyphics that I had never anticipated, for not once did I believe that the figure five represented the numeral five of five units. It was a word or part of a word, syllable or letter, which? Here was a clue. Numerical arrangement of syllables conveys no information, for their relative position is not always fixed—no letters would fill the requirement. What letter of the alphabet did the figure five stand for? Manifestly the fifth letter. I tried it and this is what I obtained: "Eastbyortha." Separating the words off from this mass of letters as fast as a proper combination of adjacent letters would permit, I obtained the words: "East by north." But like the schoolboy, I had the letter "a" left over.

This, indeed, was his chart by which he traveled from this mighty sentinel of the wilderness to his mine perhaps, for I now assumed that I was on the track of the Lost Rocker mine, and that John Underwood was its discoverer, but I could not place that "a." All the other figures gave their letters correctly but this one, and the actual direction was incomplete without its proper use. I was forced to the conclusion, therefore, that what the words lacked the figure supplied: "How many points." This I took to mean "one" point. So that I concluded roughly that the exact direction was east by north one point, and started back at once for the summit this late in the afternoon to try my compass and glass from that place with the chart before me.

From this elevation, which I should judge to be considerably over three thousand feet, the sun could yet be seen dipping below the summit of the coast range away toward Pyramid Harbor. Setting my compass, I soon obtained the exact direction from that point. It showed a point on the horizon at exactly the source of

Wright Creek at the summit of the divide which could be clearly seen with a glass. But, of course, the distance was problematical. I noticed that a long narrow lake, now called Lake Surprise, lay between. I hastily made a sketch of the salient features of the country in line with the direction indicated, and went below for the night.

In my preparation for the long uncertain journey only essentials could be considered, whose total weight would not much exceed one hundred pounds. Therefore, rice, salt, pemmican, bannock, and a little bacon must suffice, for I must take my coat, pocket rifle, hatchet, field-glass, rope, kettle, pick and shovel, and a small plate for "panning."

The compass route was consistently followed to Lake Surprise, where I built a rude raft, hewed out a paddle, and worked my way over the narrow, deep channel in the night while the water was calm. It is by no means an easy country in which to maintain a direct course, and my progress was not as rapid as I could wish. I had not gone a hundred yards into the snow-bush from the lake beach when I noticed part of a white man's snowshoe lying on top of some low bushes where the melting snows had left it. It was useless to search for a summer trail here where the indications were that travel was by this route in winter. So concluding, I continued examining every foot of country I entered as best I could for the least evidence of human life. Thus, hour after hour I slowly pushed my way directly in the course mapped out, without seeing one sign that the foot of a white man had ever passed that way in summer. The snow bushes became so dense in the low lands that I was forced to the bluff ridge, where I soon seemed to be following a kind of path. There was not a track of any kind, but the smaller bushes seemed not to grow in a certain narrow direction ahead. I followed it, and presently was out of the small bush and had only the occasional fallen timber to contend with. Almost the first tree encountered beyond the bush was blazed with an axe on both sides! At last I had proof that I was on the trail; Indians do not blaze a trail.

My quickened pace lasted until after sundown, when was made ready the customary lean-to of spruce boughs close to several large logs cut and piled together for the purpose of fire, which afforded good opportunity for shelter, rest and refreshment. I had now reached a point where timber was scarce, and I made up my mind to make that summit on the following day if I had to cache my pack to do it. Before I had fallen asleep, however, I was listening to a sound that seemed to me a little peculiar—that of a rocker in operation.

The sound was so distinct as to make it readily distinguished from any other sound. It did not appear to come from any particular direction and was the only sound I ever heard whose direction I could never learn. The smoke of the blazing logs before me went straight to the zenith, so that no current of wind could possibly affect the sound waves. I even stopped my ears to see if it was imagination, and the absence of the sound then proved its genuineness. Probably it was eleven o'clock before I slept, because I was unable to hit upon a plan to locate even the direction of this weird phenomenon. At eight next morning I was on the route again, somewhat exasperated by my inability to solve this apparently simple matter. Two or three times during the day I heard it again, always sounding as plainly in one direction as any other. Firing my gun did not interfere with its regularity or volume.

At five in the afternoon I reached the summit, and there, sitting apparently astride the mountain saddle or axis of the range, appeared the cone of an extinct volcano. I stopped, put down my pack, and listened. No sound of the rocker now! The position of that strange volcanic crater struck me as being unique, and I resolved to see the inside of the crater, if such it were, out of genuine curiosity, the rocker and Mr. Underwood being temporarily forgotten. It is not more than five hundred feet high, and anxiety to reach the top and examine before sundown induced me to climb rapidly up the great black, barren sides rent and shattered with many a seam and split.

No words in the English tongue can do justice to my emotion on my arrival at the top breathless and nearly exhausted. The top of that cone is the edge of a yawning funnel-shaped crater deep and dark and black as hell! Sloping downward to a black hole at a point near the center, probably one hundred and fifty feet below the rim; and here at my feet, where the circular summit was widest, lay rusty remnants of dishes, tools and various evidences of civilized human life! I guessed the rest.

In the morning of the following day—after a sleepless night—I again sought the place and found to my amazement the source of the fabulous richness. At the line of contact between the granite of the Hootatiqua county with the slate of the Atlin country, coincident with the axis of the range was a small quartz ledge outcropping on the inside of the crater. The dynamic and chemical forces of the volcano as well as climatic changes had caused

disintegration of the lode to an unusual degree, leaving a veritable trough wherein could be seen, once reposed, some rich deposits of free gold, and this man had been merely gathering this up for years and washing it out, probably in a rocker.

My examination of the place showed that no man could ascend or descend the sides of that crater alone, except with a rope, and so far as I could detect this crevice had been cleaned downward for a depth of fifty feet or more. My friend could only accomplish this by the use of a rope sling around his body, passing through a block at the summit, and that block must be securely fastened. The absence of a tree for the purpose forced him to make fast to a rock. I actually found a rock with the pieces of hemp still in its crevices on the side farthest from the crater's mouth. I stood for a long time hesitating to conceive of that last moment when my friend bade adieu to even light and warmth and life in the awful catastrophe. His greed had led him too far down the steep sides—in a careless instant he had lost his grip and plunged headlong into the frightful blackness of subterranean night.

From my position on the rim I rolled boulders of fifty pounds weight into the great rock funnel. They disappeared in the yawning opening below like cannon shot. And the dismal silence ensuing at their total disappearance was ever broken at intervals by the crash of their concussion against crags in the abyss below—until distance hushed the horrid nightmare in the stillness of an eternal tomb. This was the Lost Rocker Mine.

Vancouver, Jan., '99.

A GOOD PRACTICE.

If You Want a Good Appetite and Perfect Digestion.

After each meal dissolve one or two of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets in the mouth and, mingling with the food, they constitute a perfect digestive, absolutely safe for the most sensitive stomach.

They digest the food before it has time to ferment, thus preventing the formation of gas and keeping the blood pure and free from the poisonous products of fermented, half-digested food.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets make the complexion clear by keeping the blood pure.

They increase flesh by digesting flesh-forming foods.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets is the only remedy designed especially for the cure of stomach troubles and nothing else.

One disease, one remedy. The successful physician of today is the specialist; the successful medicine is the medicine prepared especially for one disease.

A whole package taken at one time would not hurt you, but would simply be a waste of good material.

Over six thousand men and women in the State of Michigan alone have been cured of indigestion by dyspepsia by the use of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets.

Sold by all druggists at 50 cents per package.

Send for Free Book on stomach diseases to F. A. Stuart & Co., Marshall, Mich.

Dublin Drollery.

A MILITARY officer, who passed through the Afridi campaign, was recently on a visit to the Irish metropolis, says the *Spectator*. He engaged a car to drive him from the Richmond barracks to the Kildare street Club, and on arriving at his destination presented the driver with a shilling.

Pat fixed his eye attentively on the coin and ejaculated viciously, "Wisha, bad luck to the Afradays!"

"Why?" asked the officer. "Because, thin, they've killed all the gentlemen that fought agin' em."

The officer was so tickled by the remark that he promptly doubled the fare.

They can be very sarcastic at times, these Dublin car men. An English traveler found fault with the unevenness of the roads over which he was being driven.

"Arrah, sure, if they wor anny better y'd import them to England," was the ready response.

They can be audacious too. Some years ago the Lord Mayor of Dublin happened to be a very superior and dignified person, who was enormously impressed by the dignity of the office to which he had been elected for a year. One day his carriage was stopped by an ancient "four-wheeler," which impudently turned around in Dawson street, under the very shadow of the Mansion House, and thus checked the civic dignitary's horses in their fiery career.

An altercation took place between the footman and the driver of the cab, and the Lord Mayor, putting his head out of the window, cried:

"Mahony, take his number and have him summoned."

The driver promptly retorted, "Arrah, go in out o' that, ye could twelve-months' aristocrat," and drove off.

The Coming Man.

Sensational Scientists Talk of What We Were and Will Be.

DEEP researches as to the structure of the human body have recently furnished some startling facts regarding changes which man is at present undergoing physically. Albrecht has clearly proved that man was formerly

"NO"

It is not colored, doctored, or adulterated in any form whatever.



In the cup shows an AMAZING superiority over all others.

Sold in sealed lead packets only. All grocers. 25c., 30c., 40c., 50c., 60c.

January Selling of Fine Furniture

Money is made by housekeepers as well as business men, by watching opportunities. We recognize that there may be a lull in business at the start of the new year—if a lull is allowed to exist. We believe in a lively trade all the year round, and we make it so this month by quoting prices on fine furniture that could not hold good the season throughout.

Stock-taking preparations reveal end lines in fine bedroom suites, parlor furniture, extension tables and odd pieces of upholstered furniture, where prices have been made very little to clear at once.

MILLER & KENT

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...Pianos

Buy Only the Best—
'Tis Cheapest in the End.

We could not sell you a CHEAP PIANO even if you want it, FOR WE DO NOT CARRY THEM. Our saying we carry FIRST-CLASS PIANOS, while true, may not of itself carry conviction, for the most extravagant claims are habitually made for the NOTORIOUSLY BAD PIANO as for the best. But as it is a fact, we must say it in justice to ourselves, and we trust that our doing so simply will create no prejudice against us merely because dealers in inferior goods make absurd claims. Before buying a piano give us a call, and we are sure you will find as good advantages here as elsewhere.

NORDHEIMER CO.

LIMITED

15 King Street East

endowed with more teeth than he possesses now. Abundant evidence exists that, ages and ages ago, human teeth were used as weapons of defence.

Unintentionally, traces of such use are often revealed by a sneer. The teeth are sometimes bared, dog-like, ready, as it were, for action. The muscles thus brought into play are aptly called "snarling muscles" by Sir C. Bell.

The practice of eating our food cooked and the disuse of teeth as weapons is largely responsible for the degeneration that is undoubtedly going on.

The wisdom teeth, in fact, are disappearing. Human jaws, found in reputed Paleolithic deposits, have wisdom teeth with crowns as large as, if not larger than, the remaining molars.

Changes are also taking place in the capillary part of the skeleton known as the thorax. The vertebral column, or backbone, was furnished in the remote past with a far greater number of ribs than at present.

Alterations in the feet are very marked. As the foot became a support for the body, instead of a seizing organ, its form changed considerably, and the muscles of the leg became larger. At the present time all the toes, with the exception of the great toe, are retrograding; indeed, the little toe is becoming double-jointed, like the thumb.

A comparison with the change that has taken place in the horse is of great interest. The horse at one time possessed five toes. One of these gradually developed at the expense of the others, which in course of time disappeared.

This huge toe continued to develop, and the nail or claw finally became exaggerated into a hoof. Rudimentary bones of toes are still found in the horse of to-day, while fossils of the existing horse are extant with these toe bones much more highly developed. Lastly, to crown all, an ancestor of the horse has been discovered having four complete toes and one rudimentary.

Man appears to be going through the same change as the horse has undergone. In ancient times a short-sighted soldier or hunter was almost an impossibility; to-day a whole nation is afflicted with defective vision.

It is almost certain that man once possessed a third eye, by means of which he was enabled to see above his head.

The human eyes formerly regarded the world from the two sides of the head; they are even now gradually shifting to a more forward position.

In the dim past the ear-flap was of great

service in ascertaining the direction of sounds, and operated largely in the play of the features. But the muscles of the ear have fallen into disuse, for the fear of surprise by enemies no longer exists.

Again, our sense of smell is markedly inferior to that of savages. That it is still decreasing is evidenced by observations of the olfactory organ. But the nose itself indicates a tendency to become more prominent.

Why He Didn't Reply.

It is not always easy to be polite. Witness this from the *Chicago Post*: "Why don't you answer?" said madame impatiently to the Scandinavian on the step-ladder engaged in putting up new window fixtures.

The man gulped and replied gently: "I have my mouth full of screws; I not can speak till I swallow some."

French Coffee Pots

This is something new and novel, very pretty designs, prices start at 60c. and go as high as \$1.50.

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Shooting Stars.

BY W. A. R. KERR.

HE and he were out for a stroll after dinner. She kept up a constant chatter, while he was content to listen and look at her, and smother a sigh now and then.

"What a lovely night," she was saying, "and the stars, I never saw so many of them or so clear—even in Cacouna."

"Yes, they are very fine," he assented.

The night was lovely—even for Cacouna. On every hand the horizon was met by the dim outlines of trees whose uncertain tops stretched up over the trailing earth mists into the clearer sky. To the left through the fringing birches the St. Lawrence lay cold and leaden in the darkness, while away on the north shore the pale aurora shivered over the distant Laurentians. And all above the mists, the birches, and the river, a million of stars glittered and glanced in the cloudless heavens.

Suddenly a star burst and shot, flaming across the sky to die over the tree-tops.

"Oh, look at that—quick, Mr. Benson!"

"Eh, what? The star—oh, yes."

"Are you superstitious?" she asked.

"Am I superstitious? I don't know;

Doctors now agree that consumption is curable.

Three things, if taken together, will cure nearly every case in the first stages; the majority of cases more advanced; and a few of those far advanced.

The first is, fresh air; the second, proper food; the third, Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil with hypophosphites.

To be cured, you must not lose in weight, and, if thin, you must gain. Nothing equals Scott's Emulsion to keep you in good flesh.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists Toronto.



Every Woman

who considers it good taste to be shapely, healthy, comfortable and attractive at one and the same time should wear

P. D. Corsets

Long and short waists to suit all figures.

At nearly all dry-goods stores.

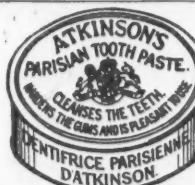
Any dealer can get them for you.

\$1. to \$30 a pair.

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Distinctly everywhere for
Delicacy of Flavor, Superior Quality
and Nutritive Properties. Specially
grateful and comforting to the
nervous and dyspeptic. Sold
only in 4 lb. tins, labeled JAMES
EPPS & CO., Limited, Homeo-
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Costly Plumes

Do you find your handsome feathers destroyed by winter's winds and storms? Bring them to us. We are experts at cleaning, dyeing or curling the most costly feathers and plumes.

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Every package guaranteed.
The 5 lb. carton of Table Salt is
the nearest package on the
market. For sale by all first-
class grocers.

but why do you ask me?"

"Because—because—"

"Because what?"

"Oh, nothing; that star falling reminds me of something—that's all."

"Won't you tell me?" he persisted.

"Oh, never mind; it's nothing. I don't know what made me think of it. It's too stupid for anything."

"Well, I think you might tell me, now that you've raised my curiosity," he replied.

"I thought it was only girls that were curious, Mr. Benson."

"Aren't you going to tell me?" was the only answer.

"Oh, there's another shooting star. Look, right over there!" and she pointed toward the river where a star was just fading out.

"Why, that reminds me again. You don't deserve to be told, but did you ever hear that if you see thirteen stars fall inside of two nights you can have any wish you like? I know one girl who wished, and it came true—Maude Fraser, Mrs. Linton now, you know. The only thing is you must—"

"There's another star," he broke in, "I've got a wish—one!"

"Oh, Mr. Benson, what is it? Do tell me. Oh, I forgot; you must—"

"Two! You say it will come true if"—and he looked straight at her—"I count."

"Oh, (with a little gasp), 'surely, Mr. Benson, you are not silly enough to—'"

"Three! Four!" was the reply, as a third star and a fourth shot over the river.

"I think, Mr. Benson, we had better be going in. Mother will imagine I am lost. It is quite a long way back, you know, too."

"Oh, it's early yet," he answered—

"Five! Six!" and two more stars burst almost at once.

"Mr. Benson, you must listen to me. You didn't let me finish what I began to say at first. If you want the wish to come true, you must not—"

"Seven!"

"Why, Mr. Benson, you have no overcoat on and no cap! You will catch cold in this night air. We must turn back."

"I'm warm enough—eight! and I see you are well wrapped up."

"No, indeed, I'm not!"

"Nine!" was the only answer.

"Mr. Benson, I can't stand this—this cold, I mean, any longer."

"Ten! Eleven! Why, it seems mild to me—twelve!"

"I'll get even"—she was beginning.

"Thirteen!"

"Mr. Benson, I think you are—are—just—just—oh!"

He had turned towards her and seized her hand. He was bending over her.

"I," he commenced, "Miss Graham—Ethel—I—"

"You didn't give me a chance to finish what I was going to say, Mr. Benson," and she looked at him triumphantly; "if you tell your wish to anyone it can't possibly come true!" . . . Then after a little pause she went on: "Don't you feel the air rather cool, Mr. Benson?"

He did.

Toronto, Jan., 1899.

Something Like "A Lullaby."

Hush-a-bye, baby, the cold winds of Winter
Give to you cold and manifold ills;
Hush-a-bye, baby, your papa's no sprinter
Galloping round with his marrow in chills!
Hush-a-bye, hush-a-bye, cease your loud cry-
ing;
Papa will hold you up snug to his breast!
Cosy 'neath covers your mamma is lying—
Hush-a-bye, baby, disturb not her rest!
Hush-a-bye, though the floor is as cold as some Doric
Pillar of marble, your papa will keep
Baby well filled with this nice paregoric,
Waltz you around while your mamma's
asleep!
Hush-a-bye, baby, 'tis midnight's still hour,
So cold that the mercury's frozen no doubt;
Don't at your papa make faces and growl—
Hush-a-bye, baby, the furnace is out!
Hush-a-bye, baby, your papa's been thinking—
Two years ago, be it well understood,
Only two winters, to friends he was winking,
Saying "so dreary is bachelorhood!"
Man flies to wife that he knows not of, dearie—
Don't wake your mamma or she will be
cross—
Papa of late hasn't time to feel dreary;
Hush-a-bye, baby, your mamma is boss.

—TOWN TOPICS.

Lafadio Hearn's Start in Journalism.

Lafadio Hearn, the painter of such attractive word pictures of lotus eating days in the far East, a story is told that is at least a picturesque one. It recalls his early unsuccessful efforts to gain a foothold in literature—a period that was in marked contrast with his present life as a professor in the university of Tokio.

One day, a good many years ago, a very seedy individual presented himself at the office of a Chicago newspaper and asked for work—work of any kind, from editorial writing to typesetting. He was told there was nothing for him.

"Very well," he replied; "I will wait until there is."

He wandered into the composing rooms, sat down in a vacant chair, unrolled a newspaper bundle, and drew forth something to eat. He remained all day, now and then talking with one of the reporters or a compositor, and remarking that perhaps they would need an extra reporter, and that they might give the assignment to him. When night came the foreman asked him why he did not go home.

"I have none," was the reply.

Midnight came and still this stranger quietly waited. It was a busy time. Several calls came in rapidly, and every reporter was sent out. Suddenly an alarm of fire was received. There was no one for the assignment. The city editor was vexed.

"No one here to take this?" he asked.

"We must send some one." Then seeing the only unemployed man in the place, he exclaimed, "Here, quick, take this and see what you can do with it."

The man seized a fire badge and note-

Rather Unpleasant Work.
Filigendo Blaetter.

Lady of the House (to the maid)—Our bulldog has a dreadfully dusty fur! You had better beat it out at once!

book and was off at once.

One or two of the firemen afterward told of a disheveled, excited man who broke through their lines, rushed into the building, and was in every one's way. A tragedy had occurred, murder had been committed, and the fire was started to conceal it. The stranger, utterly oblivious to everyone, picked up the parts of a dismembered body one by one, gazed at them wildly, noted every detail of the scene, rushed out and disappeared.

Early that morning, just before the paper went to press, the newcomer broke into the rooms, seized pen and paper, and lying half across a table with his nose within a few inches of the paper, began to push off page after page of manuscript in rapid succession upon the floor.

The city editor, greatly amused at the sight, picked up the pages and read them. "Stop the presses," he ordered; "hold the paper and make room for this copy. Never mind its length; crowd out something else. This must go just as it is."

The article appeared, and was one of the most remarkably dramatic and beautifully written stories in the newspaper world.

In one night Lafadio Hearn had won for himself a place in journalism.

Contributions to the Ponton
Defence Fund.

Below is given a list of the contributions made to Mr. F. P. Douglas, treasurer of the committee in Nanpesset that is raising a fund to assist in the defence of W. H. Ponton at his next trial:

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Charles H. J. Gauden East,	1.00	
Amos Klumher, Nanpesset,	2.00	
Dr. David Young, Adolphustown,	2.00	
Several others,	20.00	

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Funny?

UNDER the title of His Funny Stories Harper's Bazar makes fun of the too critical person who is always on the watch for small errors of speech. Not content with being grammatical himself, he must teach every one else to be so.

"I want to tell you something funny that happened to me this morning," said Spatts, cheerfully.

"All right," said Hunker. "Go on."

"I started down the street after my laundry, and—"

"You mean you went down after your washing, I suppose," Hunker interrupted.

"I imagine you do not really own a laundry."

"Of course that's what I mean," said Spatts, a trifle less cheerily. "Well, I had went—"

Hunker interrupted him again. "Perhaps you mean you 'had gone.'"

"Certainly. I had gone but a little ways when I—"

"I presume you mean a little way, not a little ways," said Hunker.

"I presume so," said Spatts, but the cheerfulness had all gone out of his manner.

"As I was going to say, I had gone but a little way when it happened. It tickled me so I thought I'd just have to

lay down and die."

"Lie down and die, not lay down, is the correct form of the verb."

"Oh yes, I know; but those kind of errors seem to come natural—"

"Not those kind of errors, my dear boy. Say that kind of errors. But go on with your funny story. I'm getting interested."

"Are you? Well, I've lost my interest in it. I don't believe there was anything funny after all. Good day."

"Now, I wonder if I offended him?" Hunker thought, as Spatts strode off.

"Oh, my dear daughter!" (to a little girl of six), "you should not be frightened and run from the goat. Don't you know you are a Christian Scientist?" "But, mamma" (excitedly), "the billy goat don't know it."

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

For over fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used by mothers for their children while teething. Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhea, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - Editor

SATURDAY NIGHT is a Twelve-page, hand-colored, illustrated paper, published weekly, and devoted to its readers.

Sixteen pages are often given to subscribers in a single weekly issue without extra charge.

OFFICE:
SATURDAY NIGHT BUILDING
Adelaide Street West - Toronto
Ontario, Canada.

TELEPHONE (Business Office) No. 1709
(Editorial Rooms) No. 1709

Subscriptions will be received on the following terms:
One Year \$3.00
Six Months 1.00
Three Months50

Delivered in Toronto, 50c. per annum extra.

Advertising rates made known on application at the business office.

THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING COMPANY
LIMITED, PROPRIETORS.

VOL. 12 TORONTO, JAN. 14, 1899. [No. 9]



THE Grand Opera House has been frivolous this week. By the Sad Sea Waves, a rag-time opera so called, the first half, and the Telephone Girl, one of the New York Casino's gay successes, the latter half, makes a week of frivolity and no mistake. We have been living under a deluge of "girls" for years. This week we have had two, The Girl from Chili at the Toronto Opera House and the Telephone Girl at the Grand. The Girl from Paris paid us a visit not so long ago this season, and I daresay there are others, if I had time to recall them. Female young persons, such as Jane, The Lady Slave, The American Beauty, The Artist's Model, Dorothy, Ermie and other farcical and operatic young ladies, are scattered thickly through the programmes of former years. We will have yet to see The Belle of New York, A Dangerous Maid, The Bride-Elect, and the other debutantes of this and last season in New York, but I suppose they will be here in time.

By the Sad Sea Waves, as one might expect, has nothing whatever to do with the seaside. Titles of operatic nonsense are chosen for their sounding and decorative abilities, not necessarily for any key they give to the nature of the concoction. The title in this instance serves its purpose. The play is the most ridiculous mixture we have had this season. It is one of those absurdities that we laugh at with hysterical helplessness and wonder how anyone could have been insane enough to write it. What it is all about I couldn't tell you. There is a sanitarian in the case and a lot of young ladies hovering about ready to flock in from the veranda, or the garden, or somewhere, to sing and look pretty. They do these two things with varying success. There is a ludicrous hostler, and a cool customer who acts as clerk one minute and gymnasium instructor and half a dozen other things the next. A foolish young man who acts as a sort of disappearing chairman sends one into hysterics by simply saying "It makes me so angry" at intervals. A damsel in a poke bonnet and a print Mother Hubbard wants to know if "you uns will lend me uns" everything a household would require, from a cup of sugar and a little tea to a clothes-line and a clock. "If you won't," she says she'll think you haven't got 'em. The two really artistic features of the production are Miss Jose De Witt's violin playing, during which she acts the feeling of the music much as a singer does, and The Willow Pattern Plate, a dainty little Mikado-like song by Miss Nellie Hathorne. These two ladies and Messrs. Mathews and Bulger have the leading parts in a very silly but nevertheless funny show.

A feature of the second act, by the way, was the piano-playing of Mr. Ned Wayburn. This gentleman is a clever pianist, but the most accomplished pianist can seldom, if ever, imitate other instruments so successfully. Mr. Wayburn, however, imitated a mandolin so that you wouldn't know the difference, likewise a guitar and other stringed instruments. It is only fair to say that the virtue was not altogether in the performer, the piano being a Bell fitted with a device which enables any player to do the trick. Sixteen imitations, it is said, are included in the repertoire of this versatile instrument. It is needless to say it also imitates a piano most artistically. A great deal of interest was aroused by this performance.

The Telephone Girl caused quite a flutter in New York when it first came out, from its somewhat sensational feature of having telephone bells fixed under the seats and other points of vantage and concealment in the part of the house supposed to be reserved for the audience. It was a



"I'm in love with every girl that's young and pretty."

novelty, this unexpected jangling, and caught on immensely, as novelties that jingle will, whether there is much merit in them or not. The Telephone Girl is distinguished in having a wholly feminine

chorus, the musical effect in modern light opera being deemed secondary to the scenic. The company presenting the piece at the Grand the latter half of this week is said to be the "No. 1" throughout, that is the original New York Casino Company. The story, I understand, was adapted, or rather adopted, from the French, like so many more or less valuable



"Button my shoe for me."

foundlings have been. The music is by Gustave Kerker, who has given us some very catchy airs in his time. Altogether The Telephone Girl is a typical Casino production. I think that there is no doubt that the latter half of the week at the Grand is the better.

Incog. is a farce based upon the old idea of mistaken identities and absolute likeness. The difference in this instance is that the complication is a triple one. Doubles we have had until about every manner of twisting and turning them has been exhausted. There are not so many complications for doubles. A can be mistaken for B and B can be mistaken for A. That is about the limit; the variation lies in the excuse for bringing the two into the tangle. With three, however, the complication becomes more intricate. A is mistaken for both B and C, B for C and A, C for A and B, and characters that are not supposed to be intimately acquainted with any of the three gentlemen may consider ABC as one person. I shudder to think of the bald-headed adapter of French farces some time in the next century, when the demand for something new shall have driven authors further and further into algebra, struggling to follow the squirmings of a quintette of similar identities and to translate them into—I almost said English.

Incog. is a triplet, though it is not adapted from the French. Mrs. Romualdo Pacheco, the authoress, has a name that sounds like Italian. Tom Stanhope is his



In the Sanatorium.

father's son; likewise, since the old gentleman is pretty well fixed, he has the additional honor of being his heir. He loves the companion of his father's ward. His father, however, elects that he shall carry, that is to say, marry the ward—sounds like an aldermanic contest, doesn't it—and not the companion. Tom can't see his way to pleasing the old gentleman, who thereupon commands him to never darken his doors again, or words to the same effect. As they were not his doors, but those of a seaside hotel, this was a somewhat nifty thing on the part of the old gentleman, but Tom let that go and took him at his word. He finds a photograph on the floor as he is going out and puts it in his pocket. The picture happens to be that of a lady-seaside-boarder's young man, whom she expects shortly and who is twin brother to a convalescent lunatic, also expected to arrive shortly. Consequently when Tom comes back made up to resemble the photograph there is bound to be trouble in store for somebody. There are three acts of trouble, and if you enjoy laughing at other people's troubles go to the Princess this week.

Mr. Huntington as Tom once more shows that the part of the debonair, quick-witted young man is "right where he lives," as the saying is. Mr. Bartley McCallum, a new addition, makes a fine crusty, warm-hearted but dyspeptic father, possessing a large share of what is called the comedy touch. Miss Eleanor Browning made what I should imagine would be a very fetching companion to a ward or anybody else. Mrs. Winters, the weeping waterworks, and Mrs. Summers, the giggling idiot, done by Miss Andrews and Miss Kingsley respectively, combined an original and humorous idea. I liked the water-works the better myself. In Incog. the company all through, with the exception of Miss Marshall and Mr. O'Neill, who are rather wasted, is well suited.

The Girl from Chili has been the attraction at the Toronto Opera House this week, and I'm afraid she got a Chili reception on opening night at least. What with the weather and one thing and another, it is to be wondered at if a show escapes being frost-bitten. Robert Lightheart, being in need of a little headful excitement, conceives the idea of becoming engaged to two girls at

once—at least I suppose that was his motive. Anyway, he got the excitement. In the words of the song, "the rest of the family objected." Robert, to escape his "real old Puritan aunt" and the attentions of the two young ladies, especially those of the Girl from Chili, who, contrary to her title, is a very fiery person, disguises himself—as an Indian on one occasion, and as somebody else about as probable on another. This is considered enough material to begin to mix with, and with the addition of a little padding it lasts out for three acts. Between acts two and three Corinne introduces some of her latest vaudeville novelties. Corinne is a prime favorite in Toronto, and as she hasn't been here for some years her welcome is all the more enthusiastic. With her on the boards in addition to the regular attraction, the Toronto Opera House is worth a visit this week.

Lovers of high-class farce are promised a treat in the engagement at the Toronto Opera House all next week, commencing Monday evening, Jan. 16, of the Tarrytown Widow, which is from the pen of C. T. Dacey, who is also the author of In Old Kentucky. The Tarrytown Widow is produced by a company headed by Mr. Otis B. Thayer, as the Saint of Wall Street, and Miss Louise Tirrell, as the Tarrytown Widow. A glance at the synopsis of scenery of The Tarrytown Widow informs us that the first act is laid in the waiting-room at the Grand Central depot in New York. It is said to be a faithful reproduction of that famous locality, even to the smallest detail.

No theatrical announcement of the season excites a happier anticipation than that which assures the appearance in this city of Mrs. Fiske, whose new triumph in New York last season but emphasized her position as the first American actress. Mrs. Fiske, whose Tess was the sensation of the stage last season, has achieved a hit in her new plays in no sense second to that consequent upon her characterization of the wonderful Hardy heroine. She will be seen at the Toronto Opera House during the week of February 20 in what has proved to be perhaps the strongest "double bill" ever seen on the stage. It combines Marguerite Merington's novel play, Love Finds the Way, and Mrs. Oscar Beringer's one-act drama of London wait life, A Bit of Old Chelsea.

Stuart Robson's production of Augustus Thomas' comedy success, The Meddler, has been receiving high praise wherever it has been presented so far this season. The Meddler is described as a modern comedy of polite manners, and in it Mr. Stuart Robson appears as a meddlesome, good-natured deliver into other people's affairs. The part is said to fit this distinguished player to a nicety. Much of the success which has been vouchsafed this star and play is doubtless due, however, to the excellence of Mr. Robson's supporting company, which might also be called "an all star cast," when one reads the names of Theodore Babcock, Harold Russell, Frank C. Bangs, George Pauncefort, Mrs. Stuart Robson, Maude Granger, Gertrude Perry and Marrie Burroughs, who were all included in the original New York production of The Meddler at Wallack's Theater, and who will support Mr. Robson upon the occasion of his forthcoming visit to this city.

You can't refuse when I invite;
So don't excuse, but come to-night;
Remember, too, there's just the chance
That I at you may throw a glance.

La Favorite, the star of Drivelli's Circus, sings this seductive invitation on the Paris boulevards, throwing coquettish glances at the men. She does this only in the merry musical play from the Gaiety Theater, London, and Daly's New York, which comes to the Grand Opera House the first three nights of next week, but had she stood outside the theaters named and played the part of a sweet-voiced "barker," the crowds that have witnessed the piece could not have been greater. In London, The Circus Girl was the greatest of the musical comedy successes that have added to the fame of the Gaiety, and this success was fully duplicated at Daly's Theater, from which the present presentation comes.

The Jefferson family are great in a theatrical sense. Four sons of Joseph Jefferson, the great comedian, will be at the Grand Opera House the latter half of next week in that famous drama, Rip Van Winkle. The quartette includes Thomas, Joseph, Jr., William and Charles B. Their wives, all accomplished actresses, are in the cast. Thomas Jefferson will portray the part of Rip, in which he is meeting with great success throughout the country. The press of Pittsburgh, Chicago, St. Louis, Washington and other cities have been unanimous in their praise of the manner in which he presents this character. A strong company of players and a carload of scenery and properties are carried, making the production complete in every detail. A matinee will be given on Saturday next.

A Philadelphia writer says: "I hope

The Little Minister can stay here until every man, woman and child in this city has witnessed this beautifully pure play, with its charming freshness, its fine spirit and artistic acting." This play is one of the early bookings at the Grand Opera House.

The reported seizure of the theatrical effects of Julia Arthur's company must not be attributed by the reader to financial difficulties. It is but a case of dispute between Miss Arthur's manager and a theatrical manager over a contract.

China chocolate pitchers were distributed as souvenirs at a recent performance in New York. Clocks, inkstands, powder-boxes, candlesticks, mirrors, cups and saucers, etc., have already been distributed in this way.

Bronson Howard has written a letter to other native dramatists to attend a meeting in which is to be considered the building of a theater in New York where the native drama may be encouraged by the production of native plays.

The McKee Rankin company, now known as the Nance O'Neill company, returned from its Honolulu trip recently, and from San Francisco comes the information that the company was received with most enthusiastic favor.

Frank Daniels has taken with him on his California tour his entire New York company and two baggage cars of scenery for his two comic operas, The Wizard of the Nile and The Idol's Eye, at a cost of \$3,900 a week.

Miss Julia Arthur has secured the English rights to the new play by M. Emile Bergerac, entitled More Than Queen, and dealing with the marriage of Napoleon and Josephine and their divorce.

The Mayor of Lille, France, has issued a short but important order: "In future ladies occupying seats in the parterre will wear low coiffures. The wearing of hats is absolutely forbidden."

Members of a company arrested in Boston for giving an objectionable entertainment gave their specialties in court, that the learned Judge might see for himself, and won their discharge.

Sarah Bernhardt has secured the new comedy, The Princess of Cleves, written for her by Jules Lemaitre, and three other plays by French authors, which will be acted this season.

Ellen Terry says that the greatest qualification for success on the stage is a good heart and Mrs. Kendal says it is imagination. A good play also has something to do with it.

Julie A. Herne and Chrystal K. Herne, daughters of James A. Herne, will both appear in their father's production of his new play, The Rev. Griffith Davenport.

The Little Minister had a run of over three hundred nights in New York. Seats were reserved four months in advance, so great was the demand.

It is said the Duke of Manchester has made up his mind to pursue the profession of acting in order to recuperate his diminished fortunes.

While a company playing Remember the Maine was traveling in New Jersey the powder used in the explosion scene blew up in earnest.

Mr. W. J. Thorold of the Julia Arthur Company is in Toronto. Miss Arthur will play in Philadelphia in a few weeks in A Lady of Quality.

Blanch Walsh, who was here with Melbourne McDowell, will star next season, owing to her success in Fanny Davenport's role.

The negro cake walk has become such a feature in London that it was introduced into the Christmas pantomimes.

The Cummings Stock Company will produce My Partner at the Princess Theater next week.

France Still Taking On.

Journal d'Argenteuil.

We will know the policy Great Britain has pursued since the day she laid hands on the Cape of Good Hope, saying to the Portuguese: "We don't want to rob you. Far from it. Let us share like brothers. We will be content with the Cape, but we willingly and freely leave you the 'good hope.'" And the refrain is always the same. Did not England say to France the other day, "You know we are your best friends, so don't make us angry. Abandon everything—everything, and we will not ask any indemnity; simply renounce all your claims, and let us be friends?"

Newed—Did you spend as much money as this before I married you? Mrs. Newed—Why, yes. Newed—Then I can't understand why your father went on so when I took you away from him.

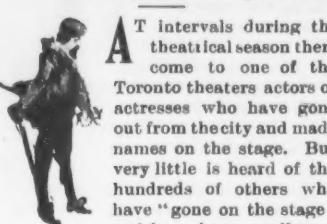
A health journal says you ought to take three-quarters of an hour for dinner. It is well also to add a few vegetables and a piece of meat.



J. P. Ayte

Lady caller—And you hung up your stockings, did you? And what did Santa Claus fill it with? Bashful Johnnie (after a painful pause)—With his hand.

The Dark Side of Stage Life.



At intervals during the theatrical season there come to one of the Toronto theaters actors or actresses who have gone out from the city and made names on the stage. But very little is heard of the hundreds of others who have "gone on the stage" and have been swallowed

up in failure. The stage-struck young people should not allow themselves to be misled by the success that attends the few. Even some of those who seem to succeed, are but failures and enjoy little of the comforts that fall to the lives of ordinary persons.

A small Hebrew boy from the Music Hall went up the three flights of stairs to a vaudeville agency on Third avenue yesterday afternoon, says a writer in the New York Post. The proprietor was sitting at his desk; he was a very stout man, past middle age, and was submitting with some enjoyment to the blandishment of two young women of a song-and-dance "team," who were there in their flimsy, looking for work. The room was small and cold; the furniture was out of repair, so much so that when four chairs were occupied it was more comfortable to stand up than sit down; the walls were covered with photographs of "artists" in all sorts of dresses and poses, and of all kinds, and there were a number of young women and two or three men waiting patiently for an opportunity to speak with the agent.

"Well," the agent was saying to one of the song-and-dance team, "you can take it or leave it. They sent word to me to cut your salary \$5, and I can't do anything else. I'm out on the percentage, and it don't please me. Now what are you going to do—sign or not?"

"You sign it, Mamie," said one of the women, pointing to the contract, which lay spread out on the desk. "It's better than nothing."

"I won't touch the paper," said the other with a toss of her head. "You can sign for both. The idea! Fifteen dollars a week for two people! I wish I was out of the business."

The contract was signed and the two young women went out.

"Want you to send a substitute for Mamie Golden," said the boy. "She's got the grip and has to lay off."

"Oh, send Bessie Arthur," exclaimed one woman. "She needs it bad, poor thing. Send her, Charlie—do now."

"All right, Annie, seein' it's you," said the agent; and he turned over the book and gave the address of Bessie Arthur to the boy.

A newcomer—a middle-aged woman—recognized a friend in one of the women waiting. The two embraced and began to talk in the voluble way women have.

"I ain't seen you in I don't know when," one said. "How's the children? Where you been?"

"I'm livin' with mamma now, an' it's dead slow. The children's well, an' gettin' along fine. You'd ought to see Billy—why, he's as high as my shoulder. Oh, I been South; to Jacksonville and Savannah. Say, if I ever get there again, I'll never come back. Just think, two turns a day, an' fifteen dollars clear at the end of the week! An' you pay a dollar a week for your room and eat when and where you please. Where's Jim and his wife?"

"Workin' the circuit."

"I'm awful glad. They needed work, with all them children on their hands. I don't like his wife; I never speak to her, mind you, for she tries to cut rates all the time, but I'm awful glad just the same. Have you heard anything about Nettie?"

"Oh, she's out of the business."

"Ain't she lucky? Hear that, Charlie Marvin? Nettie's out of the business. I wish I was."

"You'd all be lucky to get out of it," responded Charlie.

"Wouldn't we, though!" came in a chorus from all parts of the room.

The girl with whom the agent was then talking had a hard cold and was coughing painfully.

"That's an awful bad cold you got, Elsie," said the agent as she turned to leave. "You want to take care of it."

"Oh," said the girl, with a laugh, "I'll close up for good, I guess, if it don't get better" (meaning that she would die).

"Got anything for me?" was the question one and all of the applicants asked; and to everyone a negative answer was given. The little office was crowded for three-quarters of an hour; some of the applicants had just gone the round of the agencies and been given no work.

Mr. Half-Note—I read a very interesting article the other day about Blind Tom. They say the first time he heard Paderewski, Tom was so greatly affected they had to take him away. Mr. Quarter-Note—Funny it didn't open his eyes, eh!

A health journal says you ought to take three-quarters of an hour for dinner. It is well also to add a few vegetables and a piece of meat.

The widow has certain privileges. She can belong to the whist clubs which taboo married couples (because life is short and war is unprofitable). She can go where and when she pleases unattended and unreminded. She is very seldom asked to be a chaperone, the young things being firmly and obstinately mistrustful of her. She can go further in a risky flirtation; and withdraw more successfully than any other woman; just a sigh and a retreat behind her dignity will quench the greatest rage, as a chemical extinguisher puts out fire.

If she have a family dependent upon her, she gains and holds positions no one would sustain such a woman in, were she not a widow. She "works" magnates on behalf of her boys, and gets her girls invited to the most desirable houses; in the garb of a widow looking after a departed father's children she is a private orphan asylum levying taxes on every well-filled pocket and every kind heart. Nearly always the widow's family get on a deal better when decapitation has been performed. "Ah, Ko Ko," she sighs, "you've never been a widow!" With this last unspeakable advantage over any sex I reverently leave her for your consideration. Ko-Ko.



THE WIDOW.

IV.

THE WIDOW.

IN one particular the weaker sex has distinctly the advantage over its masters—no man can ever be a widow! True, he may be, and unhappily is occasionally, a widower, liable to be pitted or envied according to the point of view, but his state is not to be set forth as typical. Once in a blue moon a widower mourns artistically and attracts approving notice from society; oftener he stiffens his upper lip and resents any condolences or remarks on his affliction. He isn't picturesque; a black band on the hat, on the arm, a sombre tie and ink-tinted hand-wear suggest gruesomeness and are unbecoming. But study his triumphant rival, the widow! Plain she may be, insignificant and dowdy, anything, she is transformed as soon as she dons the regulation garb of the forlorn and the bereaved. She does not become a society type in her first season, of course; sometimes she retains her weeds and their fetching effect for years, going discreetly into society; concerts are her pet diversion; sometimes one sees the lovely, snowy, airy nothing of her headgear at the theater; sometimes she sits snuggled in her great veil at a lecture; rarely she is taken in to dinner reverentially, and her glass is specially kept under the butler's eye. Even he, man as he is, recognizes the subtle claim of a pair of *lisse* streamers. Man is a credulous animal; the widow improves the fact. Tradition makes the widow an object of sympathy; a tenderhearted, dependent, helpless, sorrowing creature, sure to arouse a note of chivalry in the oldest spinster of a man. And when she bravely braces up to join a dinner party or take a hand at whist, the great, protecting, masterful man is a footman at her elbow, a door-mat for her small feet!

St. Paul, that observant bachelor, discriminated between widows and widowers. Papa Weller, more self-preservative and more experienced in woman's way, lumped them in one broad "Beware!" The society type reaps much harvest from the sanctity of the widow who is a "widow indeed;" if she is not the rose, she at least wears rose leaves. There is a tradition that the widower who shows his sense of loss in the plainest manner is sure to console himself first. This isn't the way of the widow. When she intends to put a new king in the old king's seat, you may always detect it. A trifling anxiety, unrest and self-consciousness betray her design. She is crude in her plots—the widow! She twitters when she ought to sigh, and she forgets how dignified she might be, if she chose. It is estimated that a homely widow may be as dignified as a countess, while for a handsome widow there is no limit, even in royalty, to the amount of "presence" her weeds allow. When the widow's soul revolts against her first habiliments of woe, she begins to "lighten." She goes to dinners in a black and white frock, the most fetching frock on earth if well selected. Then she wears violets; then she has a whole cascade of lavender ribbons and frills; after that, the bloom is off the peach, she is no longer a widow through and through.

Sometimes she takes advantage of her experience to tell curious stories, to pose as that most repulsive creature, a knowing woman, and she enjoys a *tele-tele* of scandal with the club bachelor, or an exchange of unholy anecdotes with the aging benedict, whose vest increases with his years and who likes to take the "lightened" widow in to supper. They both get red in the face, not with blushes, but with champagne, and their voices are carefully lowered, for it would never do to talk as they are talking in tones calculated to carry far. When the widow reaches this stage of degeneration her chances of re-marriage are practically nil. She has become a type not altogether desirable for a man to take to his bosom, but she is rather good fun, *pour s'amuser*. There is a spurious sort of an entity which pervades society in these days of gold seeking, which is known as the "grass" widow. She is more to be commiserated with by the thoughtful observer than the Simon pure article. She is so accepted a type just now, as to have given rise to the enquiry reported to have been made by a Senator at Washington which made the people laugh. "Grass or grave?" asked the longheaded politician on being informed that his dinner partner was a widow. One does not accord to her the sympathy with the inevitable which goes to the widow, as one does not feel that pity for the sprained ankle which one accords to the amputated limb. Time will ameliorate her condition, whereas Time, man as he is, must find "another man" to uproot the weeds his scythe can only prune down with a perfunctory sweep, now and then.

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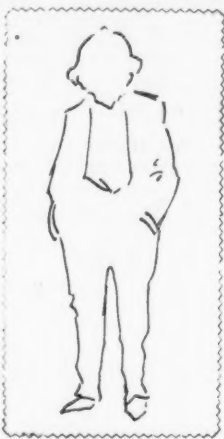
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Mr. Caine and Mr. Zangwill. JEW AND GENTILE.

COMPARISONS are odious but inevitable. We have been fairly challenged by circumstances to compare the artful artlessness of the apostolic Mr. Caine with the artless artfulness of the prophetic Mr. Zangwill. These gentlemen delivered lectures in the Waldorf-Astoria within two weeks of each other. Remembering, however, the opinion of my esteemed friend Mrs. Malaprop that "comparisons do not become a young woman," I shall carefully abstain from stating my own conclusions.

Mr. Caine appeared *la bouche en coeur*, "roaring it gently as a sucking dove," an innocent smile, deprecatory of his own greatness, upon his countenance. He began by offering a sop to the presumable sympathies of his audience, by paying a compliment to America in weather, pointing it by a tasteful sneer at the climate of his own country. This put everyone in good



An impression of Mr. Caine.

humor, which was surely intensified by the *rechauffe* of the saying of one Mr. Chuck Connors. I cannot convince myself that Mr. Connors said "Sir" to Mr. Caine (although he was so quoted)—the supposition seems to lack verisimilitude—still, Mr. Caine's rendering of the incident may be correct.

Having, by means of the climate and Mr. Connors, gotten *en rapport* with the audience, Mr. Caine began his monologue, still with the same look of mild bovine wonder in his eyes, as who should say, "I woke—unintentionally—and found myself famous!" This expression seems a strange misfit when associated with the *metier* of one who avowedly poses as a Latter-day Saint. It is belied, too, by the world-worn face, by the manifestly thinning tangle of hair. Mr. Caine introduced his characters and described the *mise en scene*.

The whole was conventional to such an extravagant degree that it was actually piquant. There was the drunken son of a godly father (described variously as "that good old man," or frequently, "his saintly father"); there was Lucy, the wife of the godless one, herself described as "that saintly woman"; there was their little daughter, another Lucy. As is customary with such characters, the saintly Lucy had had another lover, who was the son of a gardener. At Lucy's marriage he left his native village, but fortunately for Mr. Caine, returned rich in the nick of time to buy back the ancestral home of his dissipated rival and



Mr. Israel Zangwill.

present it to his saintly wife. Besides riches, he brought back from the whaling son, of a convenient age to marry Lucy's daughter later on. There was a comedy constable, an auctioneer, and a mouldy sexton, (who dug his graves by night, apparently, which must have been bad for his rheumatism). The scene was an English country village, with an inn, a church, a square with a statue of the godly progenitor of the godless young man in it. When Mr. Caine made these things known I wondered—as that charming person of the *Sun* did two weeks ago—why authors did not quit the time honored descriptions of squares and crescents with landmarks in their midst or on their points, and describe something a-situated in a dilemma with things on the horns.

Mr. Caine proceeded with his story, indicating the change of characters by modulating his voice and (to quote infelicitously Mr. Zangwill) "putting the scenery on in dabs."

So strange is human nature that Mr. Caine with his marionettes imposed upon the sympathy of his audience to the point

of tears. Nay! So in earnest was this poseur that he imposed upon himself and literally was moved—or seemed to be—by these creatures—not of his imagination but of his convenience.

There is nothing, surely, so potent for success as absolute belief in oneself. In Mr. Caine this feeling seems to have attained apotheosis. But observe the artfulness of it! This affectation of simplicity, this innocent story which meandered upon its way without the slightest islet of unexpectedness to disturb its stream, arriving placidly just where it might be expected to arrive, doing so, too, to the sound of an Easter hymn in the presence of a child who listened to a watch and said, "Tick—tick—" this story told to an audience of women who sniffed and wiped their eyes and their noses when Mr. Caine said, "Poor Lucy," *pianissimo tremolo!!!* "In truth," like my lady Portia, "I know it is a sin to be a mocker," and in all sincerity I do not mock at Mr. Caine, but at his audience, of which I was one. Mr. Caine gave, it is a fair presumption to suppose, what he considers a good specimen of his art, embodying his methods and theories.

Mr. Israel Zangwill stepped forth to give reasons for the faith which is in him that fiction is the highest form of truth. There was no pretense of deprecation upon this strong, swarthy face, no wheedling compliments about American weather, no giddy anecdotes coyly attributed to Howery sources. Mr. Zangwill surveyed his audience—so long, so calm was his scrutiny that more than one of his anticipative auditors stirred beneath the spell of those calm, apprehensive eyes. He announced the title of his lecture, *Fiction the Highest Form of Truth*, and began by defining fiction and postulating that he be understood as meaning the best. The ordinary novel, he said, was only fit to be handed over to the ordinary dramatist; considering the context of circumstances this was purely clever, and Mr. Zangwill knew it. His own cleverness must have ceased to be a surprise to him, but certainly he enjoys it.

First he showed how difficult it was to define truth from any specific personal standpoint. After suggesting how variable truth itself may be, he brought home very forcibly the fact that it is the potential truth which is important. Moreover, he kindly warned his hearers against accepting as truths the aphorisms of their fathers—such as, for example, that "two and two make four;" this he proved to be false, giving four cases in which two and two do not make four. He suggested, too, how differently the same object appears to different people, instancing a baby, which is, said Mr. Zangwill, "a treasure to its mother, an heir to its father, a soul to the theologian, a datum to the political economist, a nuisance to the neighbors, a potential patient to the doctor. It is the difficult business of the novelist to so present the baby that he is apparent in all his sweet simplicity, instead of showing him in any one of these roles. This art consists in scientific selection of those things to which the mind attends. Mr. Phil. May in drawing his inimitable portraits uses as few lines as possible, but his likenesses are unmistakable. For many years in England a big nose and a high collar has spelled "Gladstone." Mr. Zangwill took a genial fling at those realists who give detail with photographic minuteness, like the Japanese playwrights who essay to trace the lines of their characters in all their vaginations, so that such a play goes through volume after volume and lasts week after week. "The too great realist fails," said Mr. Zangwill. "I wonder which are the two," said a little woman next me, evidently greatly puzzled and bewildered by Mr. Zangwill's vocabulary, which rejects no word however technical. Mr. Zangwill, as I have said, took exception to "scenery put on in dabs," *apropos* of which he read two paragraphs of his own composition—written on ship board with refugees from Crete. They were exquisite word miniatures—if one may apply such a term to an essentially impressionistic picture. Evidently Mr. Zangwill has the old Greek feeling for nature and its sharp contrast to and consonance with life. But Mr. Zangwill was at his best when he fell foul of the scientists. He advanced gayly to meet them upon their own terms and "ologies," and be-deviled them out of their own mouths. He told how the specialist narrowed his vision (ill in all things he perceived his specialty, I wonder if Mr. Zangwill knows of the fashionable doctor in New York who diagnoses everything as "floating kidney," and boasts that he discovered it). Mr. Zangwill calls fiction the short-hand of life, and pleads for a broad and comprehensive point of view. "What," says he, "would it signify to a man talking with Helen of Troy if a professor could not parse her irregular Greek verbs, provided there was anything irregular in the conversation?"

Mr. Zangwill says scientists are only people who have reduced gossip to a fine art, and compares Professor Owen constructing a whole animal from a fragment of bone, to Barrie's Leely, who, on seeing a man wheel a barrel down a hill, deduced therefrom a long series of conclusions—all, it may be said, confirmed by events.

Mr. Zangwill mocks at the scholarship which affects to decipher hieroglyphics, saying it is lucky for the reputation of many scholars that our ancestors left no dictionaries, or we might discover sentences such as "The king went abutting" changed to "My grandmother died yesterday."

It is impossible to recall or give in proper sequence the clevernesses of Mr. Zangwill. Moreover, his delightful paradoxes and malicious quips were more than merely clever. Of his lecture, The Children of the Ghetto, I need only say one left it wishing he had been a Jew—of the same "people without a country" as this dark-browed prophet who has arisen in Israel. Compared with Mr. Caine, but I have taken a vow upon me—comparisons must be odious to Mr. Caine. I will "hold my tongue in ten languages."

JOANNA E. WOOD.

A Fiddle and a Fool.

BY ETHELBERT CROSS.

A FIDDLER GOES TO SLEEP.

"IT'S the last thing I've got," said the Fiddler.

"I'll give you—"

"What?" cried the Fiddler.

"Cash—a."

"Cash," laughed the Fiddler. "You offer me cash for my fiddle. Say, is there anything else you would like, pretty Fool—a soul, or a heart, broken or otherwise, or any other trifle I can offer you—for cash?"

The eyes of the Tempter avoided the glance of the Fiddler and critically studied the room. It was so shabby—old carpet, old rags, old pictures, an old fiddle, and a boy with music in his eyes.

"It is for your own good," said the Tempter. "The money will be your salvation, and the fiddle has been your ruin. Why do you waste your life in this foolish, romantic way, playing a fiddle in the attic? What use is the fiddle to you?"

"It makes music," said the Fiddler, ironically: "music the rainbow of the soul, the golden scale, the sweet celestial staircase by which we mount from earth's discordant valleys into the heaven of harmony, and hear those strange, sweet, beautiful things that reconcile a mortal to mortality."

"Oh, for heaven's sake be practical," said the Tempter, impatiently. "You know it is cash you need, not music. Just look at me, if you please. Twice around the world since I saw you last—three times in London, Paris twice. Why don't you hustle like—"

"Like—like—the typical young man," said the Fiddler. "Why don't I hustle and bustle like the delicious commonplace calves whom you adore—smoke the typical pipe, marry the typical woman, rear the

fiddle will tell you a secret."

The Tempter looked at him tremblingly.

"You are going—you—"

"Not very far," said the Fiddler weakly, with a curious look at the fiddle. And so the wise man passed away and the Fool went home with the fiddle.

II.

THE FOOL AWAKES.

"FAT, forty and a fool." The sleeper trembled and looked around. The room was dark, dark as the dream itself, from which a mocking and melodious voice recalled the sleeping soul back from the dusky halls of memory, where the great white light of love lit up a vanished face as yonder shaft of moonlight creeping through the blind fell with a sad and spectral significance upon an ancient fiddle hanging on the wall.

"Fat, forty and a fool."

"Who spoke?" asked the sleeper, nervously.

Strange melodies were creeping around the room, a ghostly music seemed to thrill the air—a music that was mockery, a mockery that was music—so spiritual, so satanic, so scornful and so sad—too merry to be mortal, too sad to be divine. It seemed as though a soul prepared for heaven had lingered on the earth beyond its time.

"Fat, forty and a fool!"

The voice came from the fiddle, a jeering, melodious whisper. To the eye and the ear of the listener it seemed as though invisible hands were playing a ghastly melody on imperceptible chords.

"Skittles and ale," sneered the Fiddler; "roast beef, and carrots, and turnips, a scolding wife, a ruined life. Money and misery, abundance and abuse. What you desired, what you deserved—and what does it all amount to?—fat, forty and a fool!"

The Fool shivered and looked nervously

summer. With an old bachelor's self-interest the Professor realized this, and having been spoon-fed all his life, so to speak, it meant more to him than to another.

"She has her uses," he said to Thomas one evening. "I cannot deny that Nature produces some strange forms of life, but before everything else Nature is careful to provide atmosphere and environment for her various creatures." The Professor had dined well, in fact, daringly, for him.

"Jane can make a shrewd meat-pie," continued the Professor, alluding to Thomas's weakness. "In fact, as a cook it would be hard to find a better, and no doubt she is an excellent woman in her way. We all have our faults, Thomas."

This sounded pious to Thomas and so he assented to it. "She is a good-living woman," he added, "and always was."

The Professor mused for some time, and then turned to gaze solemnly at his manservant.

"Thomas, an idea has been in my mind for a long time—a possible means of improving, of readjusting, the relations of our little household. Has anything of the kind ever occurred to you, Thomas?"

Evidently not. Thomas seemed to cast about in his mind for some suggestion, but failed.

"Jane has been a somewhat dominating force in our midst," resumed the Professor, "and perhaps it is due, in a measure, to the fact that there is no particular organization in the household—no one to direct in her stead. I am too engrossed in my researches; you have naturally no authority over her as matters stand."

Thomas still waited without apprehensions.

"It therefore has occurred to me that we would all be much happier if we had some legal and indisputable control of Jane—do you begin to gather my meaning? In a word my idea is that one of us ought to marry Jane," and the Professor

sor. Thomas heaved a deep breath that must have taxed his lungs.

How to Keep an Appointment

FERGUSON is a clever chap. His mother, sisters and himself are unanimous in that opinion and grow quite warm if the fact is disputed.

"Now you quite understand," I said.

"Perfectly," replied he.

We were arranging a rendezvous for the next day. It was a holiday and we were going for a tramp into the country.

"You'll remember the time?"

"Well I hope so."

"And the place?"

"Rather."

I had been most explicit.

"Now be sure," I said with heavy emphasis.

"I'll be there, old man," he said solemnly as we parted.

But I knew he wouldn't. He was too clever. He would set his fertile intellect going and imagine catastrophes happening to keep me away. His insight into human nature would make him distrust my ability to be punctual. I know what these men of perception are. It takes a one-idea man to keep an appointment. The next day came, just as I expected it would. I went skating the latter half of the morning, and to the matinee in the afternoon. Did I keep my appointment with Ferguson? I should say not. I knew him too well.

I met Ferguson the following day, however. I went over and stood squarely in front of him.

"Well," I said coldly.

Ferguson grinned sheepishly.

"You're a dandy, aren't you?" I said with a sneer.

"Now, don't get red-headed, old man," said Ferguson soothingly. "It was not my fault—really it wasn't."

"Of course not. The idea is absurd," said I bitterly.

"You see I was working late that night."

"What night?"

"Why, the night after I saw you."

"Well, go on," said I roughly.

"I didn't go to bed till late and the consequence was I rather overslept myself next morning."

"Just what I thought."

"Now wait a minute," said Ferguson.

"When I saw what time it was I started to figure things up. Half-an-hour to get dressed and everything, twenty minutes for breakfast, five minutes to walk down to the car, and thirty-five minutes to get to the appointed place—I found that I could arrive according to figures at the exact minute."

"You haven't explained anything so far," I observed. "But of course that is a mere detail."

"Well," said Ferguson, "I didn't for a moment suppose that I could catch a car without waiting seven or eight minutes, and then there was the transfer—I mightn't make sharp connection. Nor did I suppose I could get through dressing without accident and loss of time. I would surely lose my collar-button or something—more hurry less speed," you know."

"How thoughtful," murmured I.

"But notwithstanding all this I was still determined to keep the appointment," continued Ferguson virtuously. "Better late than never," I said to myself. Then it struck me that if I were late you would think I wasn't coming and wouldn't wait, or had made a mistake about the place, or the time, or something. In short, I argued it all out in my mind and—"

"Like a man of intelligence, foresight and imagination you went to sleep again," I put in.

"I'm afraid I did," he apologized.

"Quite right," I said. "So did I."

"What?" cried Ferguson.

"You gave me credit for possessing some common sense, didn't you," I asked.

"But after the way you promised," exclaimed he, "Why, I might have gone out and stood around there for an hour, indignantly."

"Didn't you promise?" said I.

"Now be sure," were the last words you uttered," said Ferguson.

"I'll be there, old man," you said," retorted I.

"After all I've suffered at the thought of you kept waiting on that windy corner!" said Ferguson. "Things can never be the same between you and me again."

"Look here," I exclaimed. "You've always misjudged me. You took me for a stolid sort of an ass—one of those slow, reliable people who sink with the ship rather than desert their posts or use a little horse-sense. Tell me, didn't you think I was like that?"

"Well, yes, something of that kind, but I loved you for it," said Ferguson.

"Well, you've underrated me. I'm a man of intelligence like yourself. I possess imagination and intuition to almost as marvelous a degree as yourself. I can fancy all sorts of things. Take my advice: if you want to make appointments make them with stupid people who are called punctual and reliable. If you are late they don't think—they wait. The more stupid a man is the longer he'll wait. You look into it and you'll find I'm right."

"I'll never make an appointment with you again," said Ferguson.

"Spoken like one sensible man to another," said I.

"What is the matter?" asked a lawyer of his coachman. "The horses are running away, sir."

"Can't you pull them up?" "I'm afraid not."

"Then," said the lawyer, after judicial delay, "run into something cheap."

Old Mr. Daddkins—Ar-r-r-r! So I have caught you kissing my daughter, have I? Young Mr. Cooley—I trust there is no doubt about it, sir. The light is quite dim, and I should feel vastly humiliated if it should turn out that I had been kissing the cook.—Er.

SOME RANDOM SKETCHES

OF COSTUME AT
LEANDER GARRICK CLUB
BALL
HAMILTON JAN 6TH 1929



inevitable family, and live the typical humdrum life like the typical turnip in the field and the typical cow in the stall? O Philistine! Hand me that fiddle. But wait—I dare not touch it yet. Do you remember? I was thinking—" The Fiddler paused and looked dreamily out of the window.

"You were thinking," echoed the Tempter seriously.

"One of those beautiful starlight thoughts that Philistines don't understand—a wild, sweet, beautiful something that fools cannot comprehend. Say, when are you going to get married?"

"Next month it is," said the Fool.

"When first I saw you there was music in your eyes," said the Fiddler, "but there is discord there to-night. My soul is out of tune with this old world to-night," musingly, "but now, hand me that little bottle, will you? Thanks, a tonic for the soul it is. So you surrender the poetry of life for the prose, the many-colored robe for brown and gray. Now hand me the fiddle, will you, and I shall tell you a little secret."

The room was almost dark now and they who occupied it seemed more like wraiths than human, so silent did they gaze, so nervously watching each other's eyes. The Fiddler drew his hand across the strings.

"What do you know about life?" he murmured absently. "Life and love, the light in its eyes."

"You had a secret," said the Fool.

"Oh, yes," said the Fiddler. "The fact of the matter is, I am dying. That little bottle you gave me contained the inevitable—tut, don't shiver. I only mention it casually. We who have touched the deeper chord of life don't trouble at all about dying. It is living that puzzles our souls. Now, listen! I give you this fiddle. Never let anyone touch it. Now run away and get married, and some day—some day—when the prose is over, the

out of the window. The music changed; it was sad and low.

"Don't look at the stars," cried the Fiddler. "O earthworm, don't look at the stars! The beautiful stars that he loved who was himself a star! The morning star—the morning star—"

The Fool was weeping, and the Fiddler wept—then suddenly laughed, filling the air with melodious merriment.

"Fiddle-de-diddle-diddle-de. They are dancing in the starlight; listen to the starbeams singing—merrily, merrily, merrily—forty, and fat, and a fool. O, earthworm, leave this shadow show, where fools are blind and fiddles see! What does it all amount to—fiddle-diddle-diddle-de, come away and dance with me—"

The Fool awoke.

Toronto, Jan., 1929.

A Caged Genius.

BY MACK.

III.

PROFESSOR MANSARD found it easier to submit to the aggressions of Jane than to effectually resist them. She was torrential, tempestuous, nagging, but a housekeeper in a thousand. He could not deny the merits of her preserves, her pickles, nor the forethought that caused the supply to exactly match the demand. With all his science he did not perceive that if she erred in calculating the number of bottles of plums that the household would require in a winter, she balanced this by keeping a firm hand on the consumption of plums. She controlled both supply and demand, as it were, and if her prevision erred her thrift repaired the fault.

It is in winter a terrible thing to lose one's wife or one's housekeeper, owing to the fact that in cold weather a man needs more food, more stitching and mending and marshalling of his wardrobe than in

turned his eyes carefully to the opposite wall not to encounter those of Thomas, and a silence of minutes ensued.

"You—you mean me," said Thomas in an excited whisper.

"I'll confess that I—well, that I rather consider you the more suitable, all things considered," admitted the Professor. "You are both deeply religious. She is, as you say, an excellent woman. What do you think of it? Have you ever thought of it?"

"Never in all my life," said Thomas with haste and force. "Marry Jane—marry Jane," he said. "And if I should, do you suppose that I would have any authority over her? Man, alive, she would take a new grip on both of us. I didn't think—" Thomas's voice had almost a sob in it—"that you'd ever try to do anything like that to me."

"Why, why," exclaimed the Professor in quick justification, "lots of people get married and don't seem to mind it."

Thomas was seated near the window overlooking the yard, and motioned the Professor to look out. The two old men saw Jane in the snow, hanging out clothes that she had just washed. She wore an old felt hat, a brown overcoat once worn by Thomas, and her skirts were pinned up to this to keep them from dragging in the snow. On her feet were an old pair of the Professor's overshoes; on her hands, red woolen mitts—in her mouth two wooden clothes-pins, one pointing east, the other north. As she picked up a garment to hang upon the line her face twisted this way and that, and as she got the garment right, and took a pin from her mouth, her eyes caught the two old men, with heads close together, looking at her. She stood stock-still and glared at them, one clothes-pin in her mouth, and they drew back so suddenly that their heads collided.

"Well, sir?" asked Thomas.

"Perhaps the idea is not one that I should insist upon," admitted the Profes-

sor. "I'll confess that I—well, that I rather consider you the more suitable, all things considered," admitted the Professor.

"You are both deeply religious. She is, as you say, an excellent woman. What do you think of it? Have you ever thought of it?"

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NORTH GERMAN LLOYD

New York, Southampton (London) Bremen
Lahn, Jan. 31; Saele, Jan. 31; Trave, Feb. 7;
Lahn, Feb. 21; Trave, March 7.

Kaiser Wm. der Grosse, largest and fastest
ship in the world.
First saloon, \$75 up; second saloon, \$45.75 to
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New York-Bremen
Wednesday, Jan. 19; Oldenburg, Jan. 26

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ter; may I play something for you?"
"Oh, no, no; I meant only have you a
new gown and gloves?" "Yes, sir."
"Pity; otherwise I should have advised
you not to give the concert."

The Duc d'Orleans, who may in a few
months find himself on the throne of
France, has acted as a special newspaper
correspondent. He accepted a commission
to act for a New York daily in Abyssinia,
after which he and the proprietor quar-
relled. The duke straightway went to
the manager of a rival organ, and said, "I
have declined to go to Abyssinia for—
but I will represent you. What will you
pay me?" "Not a cent," replied the
manager of the rival journal, "because we
have no interest in Abyssinia. But I will
tell you what I'll do—Madrid is three days
from here; go there, interview the Queen
of Spain on the war, and I will give you a
thousand pounds." The Duc d'Orleans
preferred the land of the Emperor Menelik.

Here is a story that is going the rounds
about Lord Minto at the time of the Riel
Rebellion. The Scotch company of the
90th Battalion when at the front were
lucky in having an amateur and "honor-
ary barber" in the person of Corporal
Grant, who soon succeeded in transform-
ing his comrades into the smartest-look-
ing and best-barbered company in the
brigade. Noticing the change, General
Middleton submitted himself to the skill
of the same artist, and Lord Melgund,
prompt in his turn to note the transfor-
mation in his chief, requested the atten-
dance of the barber on the following
morning: "Did you dress the General's
hair yesterday?" inquired the Chief of
Staff when Corporal Grant appeared. "I
did, sir," replied the corporal. "You did
it remarkably well. I wish you would get
your scissors and cut mine." "I beg par-
don, sir," saluted respectfully. "Just
get your scissors and cut my hair, please.
I would like to have it done before church-
parade." "Beg pardon, sir, I never clip
heads on Sunday. My miter told me al-
ways to keep the Sabbath," was the re-
spective reply, accompanied by a salute.
Lord Melgund, after a moment's pause,
realized that he was dealing with a Scotch
Presbyterian of the old school, and after
making an appointment for the next day
he attended church with unkempt locks.

Green Goods.

Some Women. Another Grippe Cure.
HE papers tell this
week about an adver-
tisement in a Mon-
treal paper for a
"good-looking lady
of refined manners to
go to New York as
housekeeper to a rich
bachelor," which called forth dozens of
responses from respectable and enterpris-
ing girls belonging to well known families.
Surely the sun doesn't shine very brightly
down there in Montreal if such an adver-
tisement as that would catch any sensible
girl nowadays! One continually hears
tales of Canadian girls going away to New
York and doing wonders as artists, as
nurses, as companions, and as managers of
this and that. Fairy tales, my dears! I
else should Lady Gay have long ago
packed her lunch-basket and emigrated to
the big city. Talent sometimes gets ahead
in that wilderness of towers of Babel,
where they speak German on the first
floor and Italian on the second, French on
the third and Russian above, with a trifle
of Irish in the basement and Chinese any
place at all! But nine times out of ten,
the girl who goes to New York disappears
in the shuffle, coming home at intervals
to rest and tell tales of experiences more
or less trying and hurtful. Sometimes
the nurses marry the doctors; sometimes—
they don't; sometimes the companion finds
her post a mere pretext for an upper ser-
vant, or her employer drinks, and the poor
companion gets down into the dark
possibilities of alcoholism and drugs;
sometimes the flat she is to housekeep in
is tenanted by a couple whose marriage
lines have yet to be written; sometimes
the horrified Canadian girl flies for her
life from a fate worse than any death;
the artist lives on scraps and camps out
in a hall bed-room, unheated, stuffed with
the scantiest of furnishings (I've always
wondered where the lodger in the typical
New York hall bed-room kept her clothes).
She goes to her classes, gets shabbier
day by day; perchance she enjoys it all,
for if the tang of Bohemia be in her
nostrils she breathes contentedly the
scantiest supply of oxygen. In the end
she comes back, having learned a little
art and a great deal of life. One in a
thousand of her is ever heard of any-
where. The singer and the elocutionist
and the actress go away to make their
names famous. 'Tis a rich decade that
turns out a Lady of Quality and a
Roxane from Canadian green goods! For
them will be added up a hundred failures,
spurred to disaster by their triumph.
As to the great army of office hands, type-
writers and stenographers, shop-girls and
bookkeepers, if the Canadian girl even
faintly foreshadowed the condition of
scores of them, she would look herself up
with her typewriter and starve to death
ere she let herself slip into the vortex; she
would go into a convent and give eternal
thanks for her escape, or she would bide
quietly at home and watch for a chance
here. There is so much competition, and
a grim heartlessness, and a grimmer al-
ternative, and there is a withering-up of
Canadian green goods in New York.

Talking to a man from there, we rode
in from the suburbs on Sunday, we both
caught ourselves looking at a dear little
round-faced girl who boarded the car
and sat facing us. "I like to look at her,"
said the man from New York, with a
smile. "She's a typical Canadian girl.
We don't have anything like her! She
looks so happy and rested, and—whole-
some. I have grown so weary of that
strained look." And he contemplated the
blessed thing, who sat like a deure little
pigeon, so plump and comfy-like, and I,
knowing he was enjoying himself, forgot
to rebuke him for staring.

A young Hungarian violinist, who was
continually talking about his wonderful
skill and great fame, had his flatteries
addressed to Brahms, cut short with the
brusque remark: "More finger exercise
and fewer phrases, young man." A young
woman who played the piano forte asked
him as to the advisability of giving a con-
cert in Vienna. "Are you all ready?" in-
quired Brahms. "Certainly, dear mas-

ter; may I play something for you?"
"Oh, no, no; I meant only have you a
new gown and gloves?" "Yes, sir."
"Pity; otherwise I should have advised
you not to give the concert."

Boxing Day in the Country.

Punch.



Gwen—Oh, Alzy, this horrid man won't let us pass unless we give him some money! You'll make him, won't you?

By the way, isn't it good that in Canada
and the States a woman is not admitted
to the bar—not the serious old legal figure
of speech, but the bar where justice is the
last thing considered. Perhaps the most
shocking thing a Canadian sees in old
London is the tottering woman slinking
in or out of a gin-palace. Perhaps the
thing that worries a certain sort of woman
most is the English barmaid. She is so
buxom, so shining, and her queer coquet-
ries are so crude, her nasal speech is so
trying and her eyes so hard. "Perhaps,"
suggested the man, "if we had barmoids
here we should have less drinking!" Ah,
perhaps, but I wouldn't be sure! I should
rather have a very drunken man than a
man only drunk enough to flirt with a
barmoid, and I would rather have no bar-
maid, anyway. "They usually marry well,"
suggested the man again, but I don't be-
lieve they do. No man with an ideal of
womanhood would marry a barmoid, with
her calculating look, her brusque manner,
and her shop-worn feelings. They see
men at their worst so often that no rever-
ence for men can be left to them, one
would conjecture, and without idealism
in the man, or respect in the woman, a
couple cannot really marry well.

In Tartary if one is invited to dinner
one must eat until one positively can eat
no more. The more uncomfortable one is
from overloading with food, the greater
compliment to one's host. In the plains of
South America and in Australia the
natives have a feast on roast sheep, and
gorge themselves until their skin becomes
uncomfortably tight; then they sit about
the fire and anoint themselves with what
is left of the mutton tallow, until the
strained epidermis becomes more elastic.
The more refined the people, the more
dainty is their eating, and if, as the
doctors tell us, we all eat too much, or eat
wrongly as to selection, it ought to be a
rule with hospitable souls not to urge
guests to take more than they require of
no matter how tempting a dish. But
which of us has ever been allowed to
decline in peace what we did not want?
"Do take a glass of sherry," says one,
to the person to whom sherry is poison.
"Oh, nonsense. Water? Nonsense. Let
me fill your glass." And sherry is yours,
when you loathe it and are really thirsty.
"Oh, you are eating nothing!" sighs a
hostess, the day you just feel like picking
a bit here and there. "Do try a bit of
this, or that." And you have to, for the
tone of the lady becomes alarmingly in-
jured. This persecution is perchance a
relief from the days when it was a quiet
to decline, and be coaxed, *ad infinitum*,
to accept what you wanted all the time.
It should be cast out along with sedan
chairs and snuff, and other tiresome and
objectionable things.

A woman who hates to be ill awakened
up with the gripple. She had a wild head,
a demoralized back, pin-pricks of pain all
over her, and her eyes turned from the
light with positive anguish. She had
twenty-two cures for la grippe, menthol,
whi-ky, mustard, all the hot and strong
things on earth. She looked at them all,
and rushed for her furs and wrapped
herself up, and made for the Turkish
bath. She went under the hot shower as
cold as ice, all her body chilled one to
touch it; by and by she thawed. Then
she was steamed, and shed rain of persi-
piration, and fumed at the ordeal; then
she was massaged, and pounded, and
sluiced; then she was rubbed and went
into the needle bath, and hot spines of
water bored at her on every side, then
cooler, and then she was dried and rolled
in a sheet, and unrolled, and rubbed from
head to foot with alcohol; then she went
to sleep, then, oh, well, then she was well.
Time, three hours; charge, fifty cents!

LADY GAY.

Little Edith had the habit of eating out
the soft part of her bread and tucking the
crust under the edge of her plate. The
other evening Edith was detected in this,
and her mother said: "Edith, how often
have I told you about leaving your crusts?
There may be a day you will be glad to
get them." "Yes, mamma," replied Edith
promptly; "that's what I'm saving 'em
for."

From an Old Book.

Date 1790. Anonymous Essay.

I remember to have read a
satire in Latin prose entitled
"A poet hath bought a house."
The poet having purchased a
house, the matter was immedi-
ately laid before the parliament of poets
assembled on that important occasion, as
a thing unheard of, as a very bad pre-
cedent, and of most pernicious conse-
quence; and accordingly a very severe
sentence was pronounced against the
buyer. When the members came to give
their votes, it appeared that there was not
a single person in the assembly who,
through the favor of powerful patrons, or
their own happy genius, was worth so
much as to be proprietor of a house, either
by inheritance or purchase: all of them
neglecting their private fortunes, con-
fessed and boasted that they lived in
lodgings. The poet was, therefore, ordered
to sell his house immediately, to buy wine
with the money for their entertainment,
in order to make some expiation for his
enormous crime, and to teach him to live
unsettled, and without care, like a true
poet.

Such are the ridiculous, and such the
pitiable stories related, to expose the
poverty of poets in different ages and
nations; but which, I am inclined to
think, are rather boundless exaggerations
of satire and fancy, than the sober result
of experience and the determination of
truth and judgment; for the general
position may be contradicted by numer-
ous examples; and it may, perhaps, ap-
pear on reflection and examination that
the art is not chargeable with the faults
and failings of its particular professors;
that it has no peculiar tendency to make
them either rakes or spendthrifts, and
that those who are indigent poets would
have been indigent merchants and me-
chanics.

The neglect of economy, in which great
geniuses are supposed to have indulged
themselves, has unfortunately given so
much authority and justification to care-
lessness and extravagance that many a
minute rhymist has fallen into dissipation
and drunkenness, because Butler and
Otway lived and died in an alehouse. As
a certain blockhead wore his gown on one
shoulder, to mimic the negligence of Sir
Thomas More, so these servile imitators
follow their masters in all that disgraced
them; contract immoderate debts, be-
cause Dryden died insolvent; and neglect
to change their linen, because Smith was
a sloven. "If I should happen to look
pale," says Horace, "all the hackney
writers in Rome would immediately drink
communion to gain the same complexion." And I myself am acquainted with a wit-
ling, who uses a glass only because Pope
was near-sighted.

Not a Self-Made Man.

THE newspapers had been having a
lot to say about the number of self-
made men there were in Canada.
Just about this time an Irishman
came out from the Old Sod. After he had
been in the country a week or two he was
arrested on a charge of drunkenness.
When taken before the magistrate he
denied indignantly that he had been pre-
viously before the court.

The magistrate looked puzzled.
"Surely I have seen your face before?"
he queried.

"Ye'r mistaken, ye'r honor; I was
never here before," replied Pat.

"Well, your face is very familiar. I
can't be mistaken," responded the magis-
trate.

"But ye'r are, ye'r worship. I was
never in a police court before in my life,"
said the prisoner.

Still the magistrate was not satisfied.

"What's your name?" he asked.

"Patrick O'Reilly, ye'r honor."

"Patrick O'Reilly! Patrick O'Reilly!"
muttered the magistrate. "Why, the
name's familiar. Have you got a father?"

"Gorra, I have," yelled the Irishman;

"I'm not one of your self-made men."

Sister Mary—What a lot of nice presents
you received this year! Brother John—
Yes, but I would most willingly exchange
them for those I have given away.

Correspondence Coupon.

The above Coupon must accompany every
graphological study sent in. The Editor re-
quests correspondents to observe the following
Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist
of at least six lines of original matter, includ-
ing several capital letters. 2. Letters will be
answered in their order, unless under unusual
circumstances. Correspondents need not take
up their own and the Editor's time by writing
reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quota-
tions, scraps or postal cards are not studied.
4. Please address Correspondence Column.
Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupons
are not studied.

AMIGO MIO.—Thanks, old friend! I am always
glad of a good wish, and as for the calendar,
it's just what I needed; everyone admires it so
much as it adorns the nest.

RESTLESSNESS.—If you wanted your delinea-
tion you should have watched for it two years
ago! Give me the day and your former nom
de plume and I'll hunt it up. It is a rather
pretty study and well worth looking after.

YACHTSMAN.—I. You got sidetracked for a
weary while; I am sorry. 2. Your writing
shows a very careful, almost mistrustful per-
son: small-minded and nervous, fond of plea-
sure, secretive, slightly concealed, with a very
affectionate nature. I should fancy you a
jealous and exacting lover. You are refined,
conventional, orderly, and, to put it plainly,
a cranky and unreasonable sort of a fellow. Be
good.

GUNGA DARS.—I am very fond of Kipling. I
think his great popularity is principally due to
his originality. He harped on a new string.
Pretty soon we shall have his imitators, as we
have Anthony Hope's. In the meantime, we
owe him an outlook we never had before—
"restless quiet" of the tangled Indian jungle,
the cry of the parrots, the idyll of John and
Ameera, the jingle of Tommy Atkins' spurs, the
salt whiff from the cod-fisheries and the vagaries
of Beetle & Co. This the great mob appre-
ciates. Some also echo the roll of his solemn
thunder in the Recessional, a poem which has
taken a wonderful hold on thoughtful and
imaginative men. Without worship, I allow
Kipling a niche among my gods. I am glad he
wrote while I was yet above earth.

MARIE COLONA.—I. Apart from the spelling
your name's all right. 2. Your writing shows
great power of analysis. Don't give way to
the dissecting mania too much. It will trip
you up. And you are graceful in thought,
quick in temper, a good lover and a vindictive
hater—that is, you hold your dislikes for ten
centuries. Your brain is strong and your per-
ception very quick and bright. Patience and
firm purpose ensure you a finish every time.
I think you are developing fast, Marie, if only
you could bank your fires.

JOHN AIKEN.—Sorry you gave no *non de
plume*. Yours is a city bred view of things.
No, I don't agree with you at all. There is
much that attracts me in the country, as
country, but I am afraid I should miss the
people. I love to hear the feet on the pave-
ment, the beat of the city's heart about me;
but I am perhaps a better woman in the heart
of the wood, where nothing smoky is between
the sky and my nobility. Fudge! Don't let's
talk about me, but you! Your writing is
broad-minded, noble and courageous. A wee
bit coarse, and fond of animal pleasure; you
had better look into it before you get "Nero
lines." You know Nero was a beautiful-
looking young man and a horrid-looking old
one. Would I advise you to marry? Yes, indeed,
if you can get a very pliant, adoring, and not too
clever woman. As to the other traits you
enquire about, they are all there. Please don't
be furious; you brought it upon your own pate.

OCTOBER.—It can be true and you may call
it flattery, but the terms don't go well together.
A good deal of quiet force, firm and constant
purpose, even temperament, good nature, im-
agination and excellent judgment. You like
pretty things, have some sense of humor, and
a bright practical way of looking at things.
Rather inclined to out-poken opinions, and
a person whose word may be depended upon.

NINETEEN.—I. What a letter! I don't believe
a word of the invalid story, but would like
another convalescent effort. Did the pig story
form part of the jelly nightmare? How well
I know the places you are rusticiating in. I, too,
have browsed there. 2. You are ambitious,
loquacious, fanciful and erratic in impulse.
Temper is excellent; you are disposed to ex-
pend force unnecessarily, and to be impatient
of finished effort. You go into things with
ardor and tire before completion. It is
severely fair to dissect you under the circum-
stances.

NOBODY.—There is good in it, but, frankly,
not very great things. It is immature and
crude, with great vitality, dash and energy.
The will is powerful and constancy fine, per-
ception quick, method cautious and self-
reliant. Writer is even in disposition, neither
hope nor despondency predominating. I think
in a few years a great change will be ob-
servable in this study.

DOUBTFUL.—The whole study is unnatural.
I am sure it is not disguised, but it doesn't
show your best qualities. Neither do you for
some reason or other. I am afraid you will
wonder bore me to death, even while
I acknowledge your merits. There is so much
that is studied, unnecessary and futile about
you. Your mind elaborates things absurdly,
and the mountain brings forth a mouse. You
should be very fond of pretty and harmonious
surroundings, and at the same time set all your
chairs in a row against the wall! I incline to
the belief that you are a woman! One could
play on you as if you were a mouth-organ. Don't
you think you could get rid of a little of the
superfluity of your redundancy, eh?

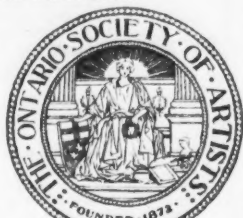
LIGHTFOOT.—The fact that the man is organ-
ist of the church you attend and that you con-
tinually meet him on the street, is no reason
why you should bow to him. Shades of con-
ventionalism, what a notion! If you want very
much to patronize or be otherwise nice to him,
the organist plea would be as good as any
other. But I should not advise you to employ it,
or indeed any other, for speaking to a man to
whom you've not been introduced. 2. This
writing is clever, unconventional, imaginative,
and independent; writer can take care of her-
self and is somewhat idealistic, very honest
and self-respecting, and somewhat abrupt in
manner; very fine purpose, power and percep-
tion are shown; care also and originality.

Studio and Gallery

THE Royal Canadian Academy Exhibition is this year to be held in Montreal. It will be almost immediately after the annual exhibition of the Ontario Society of Artists, which takes place here early in March, not in May as formerly. We hope the change of date of the O. S. A. exhibition will be in its favor. This year's exhibition should be of more than usual merit. Special efforts are to be made to produce something better than in previous years from all standpoints, including, we hear, a lessening of the number of pictures in view of the limited space. The Society



1.—Design by Mr. Gustav Hahn.



2.—Design by Mr. G. A. Reid.

has offered ten prizes of five dollars each for the most artistic window card advertising the exhibition. The Guild of Civic Art will decide on the merits of the posters. This is the first act of public service rendered by the Guild—that is if it will actually precede the presentation of the mural decoration. It is not of a very responsible nor serious nature, but is at least a recognition of their existence, which is something. Would that all the posters which are permitted to decorate or demoralize our city walls and fences, were required to pass the same artistic supervision. Perhaps in the millennial art age in the not so very far distant future in Toronto, such a state of affairs may be brought to pass. At present, what with the obnoxious board fences, the bedraggled, tattered, and eye-blinding posters which glare from them or hang in ragged disorder, some parts of our city present the appearance of a backwoods village invaded by a perpetual circus.

The following are the names of the artists whose paintings, which have been for the past year in the Gallery at the Normal School, have been purchased for the Ontario Parliament Buildings and the Education Department: T. M. Martin, J. T. Rolph, W. A. Sherwood, C. M. Manly, Miss S. S. Tully, R. F. Gagen, F. M. Bell-Smith, Miss Spurr, M. Matthews, A. P. Coleman and W. Cutts—\$1340 worth of art added to the country to tell the tale to generations yet unborn of the art genius of the year 1888 in Canada. To tell the tale also of what, by the selecting connoisseurs, was considered worthy of the country's money, worthy of being perpetuated and handed down as a patrimony, worthy of them and worthy of us, to our successors. The united wisdom of the Guild of Civic Art might be found very helpful in this matter also. Not that we have any reason for affirming that plenty of knowledge has not been brought to bear on the selection, but on general principles we believe that in a multitude of counsellors there is wisdom. So Solomon says, and he knew something about art as well as other matters.

Two young ladies who are cosily domiciled in adjoining studios in York Chambers are Miss C. Hagarty and Miss Vickers. These young ladies are not unknown to the art world of Toronto. Miss Hagarty has enjoyed excellent tuition at home and the advantage of study abroad.

HIGH-CLASS WATER COLORS and OIL PAINTINGS

A Toronto gentleman, giving up housekeeping, desires to dispose of some high-class Water-Colors and Oil Paintings. They are by Harlo White, Homer Watson, Jacobi, Calvert, Ernest Parton and Way.

On view at
AMBROSE KENT & SONS
136 Yonge Street
where full particulars may be obtained from MR. LUKE.

J. W. L. FORSTER
... PORTRAIT PAINTING
Studio: 34 King Street West

R. F. GAGEN
Studio—39 Yonge Street.
Miniatures, Water Color and Ink Portraits.

MISS EDITH HEMMING
Portraits, Miniatures
Classes for Miniature Painting.
Studio—382 Church Street, Toronto

FOR SALE
CHINA WARE, No. 1, with new firing pot.
For particulars apply Miss Cowen, 251 Carlton Street.

NEW STUDENTS, 1890—We are ready to supply you with all the Art Materials you require. Best quality and lowest prices. All the older students know this perfectly.

THE ART METROPOLE (Unlimited)
131 & 133 Yonge St. and 1, 3, 5, 7 & 9 Toronto Arcade. Entrance 133 Yonge St. Tel. 224.

HOUSEHOLD HELPS
While we devote a great deal of thought and care to the artistic requirements of our friends, we do not forget the practical household needs. This week we wish to introduce two articles of sterling value, viz:

JOHNSON'S FLOOR WAX
for polishing all hard wood floors. The E. Harris Company's justly celebrated.

FURNITURE POLISH
used for many years by our leading families and hotels and highly recommended.

THE E. HARRIS COY., Limited
44 KING STREET EAST

It is a pleasing and hopeful feature of art life in Toronto that amid the increasing number of artists, especially young ladies, there is yet such distinct and marked individuality. No observant person by any chance could possibly mistake the work of each. Miss Hagarty is quite pronounced in her individual style—a style which attempts truthfulness, in which shams have little place, rejoicing in rich, warm contrasts of color, and striking, original composition. In Miss Vickers' studio are also many interesting curios. An apothecary's jug of ancient date and two excellent specimens of Aztec pottery were noticed among other articles of interest.

Miss H. Hancock, whose art is familiar, particularly to the friends of Bishop Strachan College for Young Ladies, in which she has done excellent work, bringing art in that college up to a standard quite beyond the past, has taken a studio in the Forum Building.

The Ladies' League of School Art has issued tickets for a winter course of entertainments, consisting of two musicals and three lectures. Rev. Professor Clark lectures on Savonarola; Professor MacKenzie on Kipling; and Mr. J. L. Hughes on Dickens. The opening musical is to be held on January 28. All are on Saturday afternoons. We trust that all friends of school art will attend these lectures. The funds go to the further decoration of Rosedale school.

A bust of Christ has recently been discovered in Madrid. It has been pronounced by experts to be the work either of Michael Angelo or Donatello. The eyes are of blue



3.—Design by Mr. F. S. Challenor.



4.—Design by Mr. G. A. Reid.

rock crystal, the hair long and curling, the mouth partly open. The Russian Ambassador at Madrid has purchased it. A photograph of the work has been sent to the Queen, who is desirous of having the bust copied in marble. The expression is one of intense sadness, and while it does indicate a mood of our Lord, its pleading, pathetic expression cannot be said to be always characteristic. Its spiritual cast borders on effeminacy. The modeling and general technique, exquisite in delicacy, carry with them the touch of a master hand.

A lively discussion has been on the way in the Mother Land regarding the only portrait of Shakespeare which lays claim to genuineness, and which is now at Stratford-on-Avon. The objection to this disputed portrait is that it is not authentic, and that underneath the masculine exterior may be detected the evidence of a feminine personality, in fact, that there's a woman in it, which surely is quite Shakespearean. This is surely "a woman overmastered with a piece of valiant dust." In this case the artist appears to have reversed Nature's order, as Burns has it:

Her pretence hand she tried on man
And she she made the ladies, O.
In view of the recent attempts to argue Shakespeare out of his literary productions, it is quite in order now to argue him out of countenance.

That a Spanish artist should visit the United States at this moment to take commissions as a portrait-painter, says the *Illustrated London News*, is a sign of the generosity of the United States and of the Spanish confidence in it. A year or two's work must be before Madrazo, for he is said to have secured already nearly fifty commissions, as far apart as in San Francisco and New York.

I give here the designs made for a new seal for the Ontario Society of Artists. The designs sent in were submitted to a committee composed of Mr. B. E. Walker, Mr. Frederick Darling and Mr. H. A. Howard, and this committee, judging the designs in respect of art and traditions, awarded their preference in the order in which they are here numbered. The executive of the Society may decide, however, to use not No. 1, or not it only, but one of the others. The idea in calling in an outside committee was to get an independent opinion as to the bald merit of the designs, and with the award go the prizes off-red, but the Society reserved the right to use any design that seemed most appropriate to its purposes and that would stand reduction to the size of a seal. These are reproduced here in seal size, and the Society can, therefore, see just how each would look if used.

Mr. Bruenech's exhibition closed on Saturday last. During its continuance fourteen hundred visitors called to inspect his pictures.

"I presume you carry a memento of some sort in that pocket of yours?" "Precisely, it is a lock of my husband's hair." "But your husband is still alive?" "Yes, but his hair is all gone."—*Tit-Bits*.

Mrs. Hookyheimer (stroking Abe's hair)—Fader, vot shall we get poor sick little Abe for his Christmas present? Mr. H. (feelingly)—Poor little Abe, we vill get him insured.

Books and Shop Talk.

EDITORS have grievances that are peculiarly their own, and while it may be true that no man, whatever his occupation, can hope to escape exasperating worries, yet, perhaps, the editor has preying upon him a greater number of keen-toothed cares than almost any other person. The editor of a newspaper to whom so-called literary contributions are sent from all parts of Canada, has every phase of his character very severely tried. Last week the editor of SATURDAY NIGHT received this communication:

MY DEAR SIR,—Please return my two-cent stamp to enable me to post some other editor with the productions of my unprofitable pen.
Very cordially,
Jan. 2, '90.

Now what can a busy editor do when he receives such a letter as that? If it is a joke it conceals its point. Perhaps it means that the correspondent has sent in a manuscript and a two-cent stamp to prepay its return if not acceptable, yet has not received any reply. But if that were the writer's meaning—and such notes meaning that are frequently written—would it not be simpler, fairer, and more courteous to say so? This note does not explain what it was that the correspondent sent in; and although the editor has searched through a great mass of manuscripts, has compared the handwriting with that of a number of stories and poems that have come to him without the authors' names and addresses attached, he can find no trace of anything that seems to have come from the correspondent in question. He has therefore been compelled to write for intelligible particulars.

Let me give an instance: Florence Amanda Jones writes to say that she is sending a story and hopes that I will be able to use it at regular rates. I turn again to the mail matter to place this note with the story, intending to refer the story for editorial consideration, but in the mail find eight or ten manuscripts, of which two are type-written, and neither gives the faintest clue as to which is from Florence Amanda Jones and which from another contributor who writes a similar letter. Neither contributor gives the name of her (or his) story in the note; neither writes her (or his) own name on the manuscript; handwriting affords no clue, for both manuscripts are in type-writing. Each "encloses a three-cent



5.—Design by Mr. J. D. Kelly.



6.—Design by Mr. F. S. Challenor.

stamp for return of manuscript if unaccepted," yet to get each manuscript from the post we have had to pay six cents because postage was not sufficiently prepaid. Three cents would not return either manuscript even if we knew where to send it. We are out six cents already on Florence's literary effort; six cents, also, on the other one like it, and on three or ten such letters every week in the year. It amounts to considerable money in twelve months, but it represents a great loss of time for which there is no return at all.

Florence's story is usually about Gerald and Constance and in the gushy style and with the stilted conversation found in The Earl's Attonement, or True Lovers Ever. The smallest experience, the most limited observation, would tell her that such a story could not be published to-day anywhere in the world. She has evidently been in the attic poking in her mother's trunk, and has found some old story papers containing romances in which poor girls, after incredible vexations, were wooed and won by heroes who always turned out, in the closing chapters, to be Earls or Lords with vast estates.

Florence seems to think that her story is the only one sent to me. If she writes enquiring about it, she does not mention its title. She takes it for granted that I am trying some deep trick on her; perhaps that I am selling it in England as my own and getting £1,000 for it. In view of the many misunderstandings that seem to arise, perhaps it would be well for SATURDAY NIGHT to state its position with regard to contributions and contributors.

1. This paper is not soliciting stories or contributions of any kind, but is rather anxious to protect itself against the deluge of manuscripts that pours in upon it.
2. There are experienced writers everywhere to whom we can turn for manuscripts when desired—who know all the ins and outs of the business. They know that the rejection of a manuscript is not an insult, but that any one of twenty reasons may account for it. They send no manuscript to an editor unless requested to do so, or unless they have studied the general scheme of his paper or magazine and know what he is trying to do. Then they try to offer him the thing that he seems to be looking for.

3. But while we do not solicit contributions we receive hundreds of them and publish a few. All of them are read or examined. Those which are only examined contain such expressions as "she seen him coming down the hill," or are too old-fashioned in construction, as where half a dozen travelers sit around and one tells a tale, or where a story ends with the words, "I woke suddenly and found that it had all been a dream." Stories over five thousand words in length are unavailable. All other manuscripts are faithfully read.

4. It is impossible to read manuscripts as they arrive. They are read when the editor gets time to do so, and although he allows one day per week to the work he cannot keep up with it, so continuous is

the supply. The person who, unsolicited, sends an editor an unsuitable manuscript imposes needless labor upon him, and has no right to regard the editor as under an obligation. The shoe is on the other foot, and the editor is entitled to some courtesy in return for the considerable labor he expends on the writings of amateurs when no benefit accrues to himself or to his paper.

5. In sending a manuscript anywhere have it typewritten if possible, and give your own name and address in full on the top of page one of the manuscript; also in the letter accompanying it, or in any subsequent enquiry, state whether it is a poem or a story, and give its full title.

6. Do not seal your manuscript until you go to the postoffice and know what it will cost to mail it. Then you may sufficiently prepay its postage and enclose sufficient postage for its return.

7. Keep a copy of your manuscript. As we have frequently announced, we do not guarantee to receive every manuscript mailed to us, nor to return every one that reaches us. We guarantee nothing and solicit nothing, but will endeavor to do the square thing and hope to please all reasonable people.

Of one thing any amateur may be assured, and that is that no beginner can successfully contribute to this or any other publication unless he or she is a constant reader of it and has gained some glimpse of the ideal that the editor is striving to approach. If you intelligently read the story he has published, you can base on that conclusion as to how he will regard your story. Stories about Gerald and Constance making love in the moonlight should be sent to the publication that revels in love and moonlight. We frequently get letters saying: "A friend tells me that you print original stories, and are trying to encourage Canadian literature. I am writing a short story, etc." Is it not possible that these people mistake their mission in some instances, and that they would better buy some of our Canadian literature at five cents a copy (or \$2 per annum) before they undertake to sell us some of theirs at five dollars a quire? With some it is not Canadian literature, but their own "literature" that they long to see encouraged, and in their capacity as buyers they do very little for other writers. No man or woman can hope to write acceptably until he or she is, by reading, brought into touch with the present generation by reading the very latest books and periodicals and living on terms of mental equality with those with whom a writer's pen must compete.

Mr. Robert Macbray, formerly on the editorial staff of the Toronto Empire, but now following a literary career in England, has made quite a success with his historical romance, Grace O'Malley, Princess and Pirate. I understand that he has just finished a new story entitled The Vision Splendid, which deals with the English stage, and which is to be published next month by Hutchinson & Co., London. There will probably also be a Canadian edition. Mr. Macbray is a nephew of the Primate of Canada.

Three new periodicals have appeared in Toronto and repose on my desk awaiting mention. One is a weekly, the other two are monthlies. *Pith* is a weekly paper devoted to the art of business getting, and is edited by the writers in the employ of the Imperial Publicity Bureau. *Pith* gives in each issue samples of the best advertisements that appear in the leading



7.—Design by Mr. O. P. Staples.



8.—Design by Mr. J. A. Radford.

Canadian papers, and gives skilful talks on how to advertise. The *Canadian Stenographer* is a paper printed in shorthand almost entirely. It is not devoted to exercises, nor is it published in connection with any school, but it is a bright newspaper in shorthand, issued in the interests of shorthanders everywhere. The *Canadian Epworth Era* is also a monthly, published in the interests of the Epworth Leagues, and edited by Rev. A. C. Crews. It is handsomely illustrated and presents a very tidy appearance.

Mr. Caine expresses his appreciation of the treatment he has received at the hands of American audiences, says the *Critic*, and yet there are some of us who look forward to the time when

The Johns shall cease from Storning
And the Glories Quail no more.

Several magazines have made efforts to get General Lord Kitchener to write a series of articles. To one he gave answer: "No. Do let us have one General who has not written a book."

Manma—Bobbie, I notice that your little sister took the smaller apple. Did you let her have her choice, as I told you to? Bobbie—Yes; I told her she could have the little one or none, and she chose the little one.

Poor Henpeck's ignorance of rank Accounts for his sad state; He married a Commander, when He thought he had a Mate.

Do You Want Consumption? Are you really looking for it? Inviting it! Then pay no attention to your hacking cough and your weak throat. You can prevent it, though. Take Scott's Emulsion early, when the cough first begins.

The Celebrated India Pale Ale and Stout of John Labatt

can be purchased from all dealers in Wines and Liquors at the SAME PRICE AS OTHER DOMESTIC ALES.

When ordering, specify "LABATT'S," and insist on having what you order.

A Natural Curve

S.H. & M.

Bias Brush Edge Skirt Binding.

"Around thy skirt is put a beauteous girdle bound to last."

Strength—the Samson and Sandoz of Skirt Binding—durability and long wear unmatched and never before possible—"S. H. & M." combined with an indestructible extra thick brush edge.

Looks—an everlasting, soft, exquisite richness, which neither rain nor mud nor wear can corrupt.

Fit—rounded in a natural curve that fits the dress without a pucker or a wrinkle anywhere—seems as though it was a part of the skirt-fabric, so smoothly does it fit in protecting grace and strengthful beauty.

"S. H. & M." is stamped on the Back of Every Yard.

If your dealer will not supply you, we will.

The "S. H. & M." Co., 24 Front St., W. Toronto, Ont.

SUBSTITUTION THE FRAUD OF THE DAY

See you get Carter's. Ask for Carter's. Insist and demand
CARTER'S Little Liver Pills

The only perfect Liver Pill. Take no other, even if solicited to do so. Beware of imitations of same colored wrapper—RED.

BE SURE THEY ARE CARTER'S

DON'T SHOVEL YOUR DOLLARS

into your stoves without getting good results. Can't get good results from poor COAL.

That's sure. If you come to us you will get the very best coal in the market. It's perfectly screened. It's free from all coal impurities, burns up to fine ashes. Prices fluctuate. So you had better buy now while they're low. We deliver anywhere in the city promptly. Shall we book your order?

P. BURNS & CO., 38 King St. East

DOMINION BREWERY CO.

LIMITED

BREWERS AND MALSTERS

Manufacturers of the Celebrated

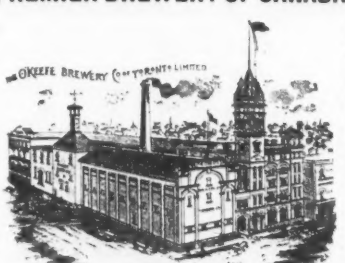
WHITE LABEL JUBILEE AND INDIA PALE ALES

The above brands are the genuine extract of Malt and Hops.

A Remarkable Pension.
Birmingham Daily Mail.
The Duke of Norfolk has just commuted a pension which has a curious history. It goes as far back as Flodden Field, where his ancestor, the Earl of Surrey, commanded, and was awarded, a perpetual pension of £40 a year for his victorious soldiery. The money has been paid annually, century in and century out, ever since, and now the Duke has let the country off for £200 down.

"I wish I was a warship," he said, regretfully, after opening and examining his salary envelope. "Cause why?" they asked, with natural curiosity. "I wouldn't mind being docked, then," he answered.—*Chicago Post*.

PREMIER BREWERY OF CANADA



One of the most complete breweries on the continent. Capacity, 165,000 barrels annually. Equipped with the most modern plant, including a De La Vergne Refrigerating Machine, 75 H. P., with water tower in connection; a 35 H. P. electric dynamo for lighting brewery and running several motors; a large water filter—capacity, 2,000 gallons per hour, through which water, after passing, is absolutely pure and is used in all brewings. Our improved facilities enable us to guarantee our products. European and American experts have pronounced our establishment and products equal to the best in their respective countries. Large Malt House and Storage in connection.

The O'Keefe Brewery Co.
OF TORONTO, Limited

EVENING SLIPPERS

FOR LADIES

Colored Satin or Kid—Pink, Blue, Cream or White.
A pretty assortment of these goods from

\$2.00 UP

H. & C. BLACHFORD

114 YONGE ST.

GOLD MEDAL, Health Exhibition, London.

BENGER'S

FOOD

For INFANTS, INVALIDS, and the ACED.

This delicious and highly nutritive Food has been used with remarkable success in the rearing of infants, and by delicate and aged persons in England for many years. It can now be obtained in sealed tins of leading Chemists, &c., in the Colonies, and will prove a boon to mothers and nurses.

BENGER'S FOOD is sold in various sized Tins by Chemists, &c., everywhere.

Wholesale of Leading Importers, or of Evans & Sons, Ltd., Montreal and Toronto.

BEAUTY IS POWER

Dr. Campbell's Safe Agents Complexion Wafers, Foul's Astringent Cream are the most wonderful preparations in the world for the complexion. They remove Pimples, Freckles, Blackheads, Warts, Blemishes, Tan, Redness, Oiliness, and all other facial and bodily blemishes. These preparations brighten and beautify the complexion as no other remedies can.

Each box, Wafers, per box, 50c and \$1. Large boxes, \$1.50. Address all mail orders to

H. B. FOULD, 256 Yonge Street, Toronto.
Sold by all Druggists in Canada.

West Shore Railroad.
Improved Train Service
On the winter schedule, in effect Sunday, Nov. 13th, the train which leaves Toronto at 6 p.m., Hamilton 7:15 p.m., carrying the Toronto-New York through buffet sleeping car via the Grand Trunk, reaches New York thirty minutes earlier than heretofore. From New York this sleeper now leaves on train No. 19 from Franklin street at 7:30 p.m., 42nd street, 7:45 p.m., and arrives Hamilton at 10:15, Toronto 11:15 a.m. This train is the last one by which passengers can leave New York and reach Canadian points the following morning. The improved service will no doubt be appreciated by the traveling public. Full information can be obtained by addressing H. Parry, 308 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y.



MUSIC

THE perennial discussion in reference to the establishment of a permanent orchestra has already been started in the columns of the *Globe*. Naturally, Messrs. F. H. Torrington and Edward Fisher, and the heads of several leading musical instrument firms, have expressed themselves in favor of such an organization. It may be taken for granted that the opinion of the musical community is unanimous in this matter, and, in fact, a large number of citizens who regard the scheme simply from a progressive point of view would be willing to be numbered among its advocates. But the great stumbling-block is, and always has been, the question of ways and means. The publication of a few letters annually, and an occasional editorial in a daily newspaper, will bring us no nearer to the object desired than we have been for the past twenty years. If our leading musicians would loyally combine in bringing their influence to bear in quarters where financial support could be obtained, it is probable, although by no means certain, that something practical might be done. With the existence of a permanent orchestra Toronto would take a musical status superior to that of any of the large cities in the United States, except New York, Chicago and Boston. While the financial difficulty seems formidable, it does not follow that it is insurmountable. For many years no more favorable opportunity than the present time has offered itself for winning adherents to the project. People of wealth and influence are in the mood to consider any praiseworthy scheme, whether it may be for the development of art or the promotion of new business.

The following story, which is attributed to Dr. Hans Barth, a correspondent of *The Berliner Tageblatt*, must be taken with a grain of salt: When the Queen of England stopped in Florence, Mascagni was commanded to the presence of Her Majesty. Upon her request Mascagni performed some of the *Ratcliffe* music and some of the more recent operas upon the piano, whereupon the Queen interrupted him hastily by saying:

"No, not that. I want the *Intermezzo* from the *Cavalleria*."

"I felt so humiliated," Mascagni said in relating the story, "that I could scarcely continue to play."

This little yarn reads very much as if it had been fabricated for the delectation of Yankee readers. If Her Majesty ever made the request attributed to her it is likely that Mascagni would have felt humiliated upon being asked to play his most popular composition? The inference from the anecdote is that it is a sign of bad taste to admire the *Intermezzo*. Anybody who is familiar with the scores of Mascagni's operas knows that this movement is perhaps the only number that is suitable for reproduction upon a solo instrument apart from the dramatic action.

Musical America is responsible for the following: "Unconscious humor has a flavor peculiarly its own. We received a notice last week which read: 'Miss —, the young American composer, is suffering from appendicitis, and is dangerously ill at her home. Her latest song 'Good-bye' has just been published by Messrs. —.'"

Joseph Hofman, the solo pianist, strongly depreciates incessant practice at the instrument. He believes that three hours a day are sufficient for anybody, and when studying under Rubinstein he made it a rule not to exceed that time. Many students, he thinks, practice too much, with the result that the mind grows stupid and confused, and while in that state it is useless to endeavor to increase the dexterity of the fingers. He notices, too, that most pupils expend too much energy in practicing. One should play only with enough force to keep the fingers and wrist from becoming stiff. The advice seems to be very reasonable and is worth the attention of amateurs.

It seems to be a good paying business to write popular music if one can only acquire the knack. Adam Geibel is said to be making quite a respectable income from the royalties upon his "coon" songs. It was with some difficulty that he was induced to give his attention to this field of labor, but of late he has been turning out these songs at a rapid rate. I am informed by the Toronto publishing house that controls the copyright of his Kentucky Babe for Canada, that they have sold more than twelve thousand copies since the day that Miss Helen Byron first introduced the song at the Princess Theater in this city. In the United States the sale has been exceptionally large.

The number of star artists who will appear in Toronto this season is exceptionally large. At the Massey Hall course we are promised Mme. Sembrich, Lady Halle, Piancon, Campanari, Salinas, Rosenthal, Nordica and Carreno. The appearance of Sembrich, Campanari and Salinas is announced for January 19. The Toronto Male Chorus Club, with their accustomed enterprise, have engaged the celebrated solo pianist, Sauer, and the popular singer, Mr. Frankon Davies, for their concert on March 2, while it is said that the well known piano virtuoso, Emil Liebling, has been secured for a recital at an early date.

Speaking of Sembrich, it is well worth

while noting that it has taken the public of the United States a long time to find out that she is a great vocalist. The musical authorities on the daily press of the big cities have always contended that she is one of the most finished and most musically cultured singers of the day, but until the present season the great public received her with comparative indifference. Now Mme. Sembrich is the rage, and it is astonishing how unanimous everybody is in applying to her art the superlative of laudation. Can it be that after all the critics have educated the public in this matter?

To the Editor of *Toronto Saturday Night*.

DEAR SIR,—In the columns of the November number of the journal of the Incorporated Society of Musicians I ventured to bring to the notice of the professors of music of the United Kingdom some personal impressions of the syllabus of the new teacher's certificate instituted by the Associated Board. My action in this connection having been referred to in sundry Canadian papers with one important omission, permit me to state that neither the Incorporated Society of Musicians nor Trinity College, London, knew anything of my action. I simply felt that the journal of the I. S. M. was the proper organ in which to discuss the matter. There was never any reason to suppose that anything like unfriendly rivalry exists between the Associated Board and the Incorporated Society of Musicians and Trinity College, London. Indeed, the circular from Trinity College which I partly drew up and fully endorsed, distinctly stated that as regarded that institution there was an earnest desire not to encroach upon or interfere with the interests of any examining body either Canadian or English. As a further proof of my disinterested and purely personal position, I may add I advised the authorities of Trinity College, London, that the present, as I gathered from the opinions expressed by many eminent and esteemed Canadian professors of music, was not a desirable opportunity for a friendly examination invasion on the part of the Old Country. It is needless to add that Sir Alexander Mackenzie and Mr. Walter Macfarren were distinctly informed that my action was purely an informal personal one, and not in any way undertaken in the supposed interests of any English institution. I am yours truly,

CHARLES VINCENT.

Miss Edith J. Miller's concert in Association Hall on Monday evening next is going to be largely attended, judging by the well marked plan at Gourlay, Winter & Leeming's. The programme is a particularly attractive one, including four groups of songs by Miss Miller, representing eleven different composers, which gives a striking idea of the scope of the fair singer's repertoire. Miss Miller has



Edith J. Miller.

had a succession of musical successes in New York and the East for the past two years, and her re-appearance here on Monday next is naturally awakening keen interest. Miss Rubina Preston will give two groups of piano numbers, including the *Magie Fire* music from *Die Walkure*. This will be her only recital in Toronto prior to her departure for Hartford, Conn., where she intends residing. Signor Giuseppe Dinelli is coming specially from New York to play Miss Miller's accompaniments, and Mr. Paul Hahn is down for two of his charming cello compositions.

Mr. R. Watkin Mills, the famous baritone of England, who returns to Canada next October, sang the Messiah no fewer than nine times in Christmas week. The *Birmingham Gazette* of December 27 says: "Why do the Nations is one of the finest things ever put on paper even by Handel, and Mr. Mills is one of the finest singers that ever rendered it since the year of grace 1742, when Messiah was first heard in Dublin. His last note was the signal for a furor of applause, which drowned the symphony, trumpets, and all, and would infallibly have caused the shade of Handel to throw his wig at somebody had that honored spectre been present." This praise should satisfy Mr. Mills.

The blaze of glory which has surrounded the great achievements of grand opera at the Metropolitan, New York, may perhaps have paled the less brilliant but more steady light which for more than a year has emanated from the American Theater, where since Christmas Day, 1907, six evening and two matinee performances of opera in English at popular prices have been given every week. To musicians generally the remarkable success of the enterprise is significant and encouraging, since it gives reason to hope that the future of opera may be independent of the caprices of fashion, and that there is already a large and growing section of the people willing to support the lyric drama when sung in their own language and presented in a reasonably effective manner. The *Little Square Opera Company*, the organization which has made so enviable a record, has it seems to be admitted, maintained a surprising

degree of excellence, and has had a repertoire of great variety, ranging from Gounod's *Faust* and Puccini's *La Bohème* to the operettas of Sullivan and Strauss. The solo singers, while not stars, have been generally capable and invariably conscientious, the chorus is exceptionally good, and the scenic mounting of the operas has been managed with liberality. The orchestra has been the weakest feature of the enterprise, but no doubt the defect will soon be remedied.

A composer and solo pianist who is rapidly rising to the front is Herr von Dohnanyi. He has recently been awarded one of the prizes offered by Boesendorfer of Vienna for the three best piano concertos written in response to their invitation. The judges had seventy-two concertos submitted to them. Last month Von Dohnanyi had the recognition of getting his quintette played at the London Monday Popular Concerts.

Miss Liza Lehmann (Mrs. Bedford) is expected to visit America this year, and as the composer of *In a Persian Garden*, and numerous songs, will no doubt receive much attention from the musical community.

Mrs. P. J. Burke, the contralto, formerly Miss Susie Ryan of Toronto, is expected to return to the city next week, with the view of teaching singing here for six months, after which time she will go to Chicago. She is a pupil of the younger Lamperli, and of George Henschel and Randegger.

The necrology of the musical world for the year includes the names of Anton Seidl, the great Wagnerian conductor; Remenyi, the violinist; Max Alvary, the Wagnerian tenor; Bettini, the tenor and husband of the late Mme. Trebelli; Thos. Harper, the famous trumpeter; Nicolini, the husband of Mme. Patti and a well known operatic tenor; Nicolaus Esterlein, the founder of the Wagner Museum; Oscar Comettant, Karl Zeller and Conrad Behrens.

It seems that the great Wagner occasionally wrote descriptive analyses of his own operas. In a supplementary volume of *Fragments*, just added to the edition of his collected writings, are found brief explanations of the *Tristan* and *Parsifal* preludes, and the introduction to the third act of the *Meistersinger*. Recently an analysis of the first act of the *Meistersinger* has been discovered.

The daughters of the late John L. Hatton, the English song composer, are reported to be living in reduced circumstances in England. Subscriptions for their relief are being received by Mr. Stanley Chappell, 30 New Bond street, London, England. Two of the most celebrated songs composed by Mr. Hatton were: *To Anthea* and *Good-Bye, Sweetheart*. The copyright of this latter fine old ballad was recently sold at auction to Mr. Hart for \$10. Many musical people may remember the days when it sold by tens of thousands.

It will come rather as an unpleasant surprise to the admirers of the Philharmonic Society of London to hear that this institution, with so glorious a past, has been condescending to beg for the gratuitous services of artists at its concerts. Letters have been addressed to foreign vocalists stating that "such men as Mendelssohn, Spohr, Weber, Wagner, Gounod, Dvorak, Grieg, etc., have felt it an honor to appear at the Philharmonic," and adding: "May we be so fortunate as to be allowed to add your illustrious name to our grand list of artists, and while offering no other inducement to you, hope that you may be pleased to add a Philharmonic triumph to your many other successes." This letter has been severely commented upon by London journalists, it being pointed out that it is a disgrace that a representative English musical society, with a guarantee fund of \$15,000 and a splendid subscription list, should descend to such miserable "cadging."

The London, Eng., County Council has quitted the agitation started by the rumor that it would refuse to grant licenses to places of entertainment where Sunday concerts are given, by agreeing to permit concerts on both Sundays and Good Fridays, by giving the Albion the same rights in this respect as the Queen's Hall. A distinction is, however, made between Sunday and Good Friday entertainments. On Sunday concerts must not be given for "private gain or by way of trade." It will be instructive to see what proceedings will be taken to ascertain whether there is "private gain" in these concerts. Salaries and expenses will have to be paid as usual, and if the managers choose to charge a fee for their own services, it will be difficult to prevent or detect it.

Miss Bessie Bonsall, the Toronto contralto, who has been winning gratifying successes in England, will be one of the principal attractions at the concert announced for January 24 in Association Hall. Miss Bonsall has gained a great deal of experience in operatic and concert singing since she went to London in 1895, and her voice has matured and her style acquired increased breadth and finish. Her re-appearance here will no doubt awaken keen interest in musical circles. She will have the co-operation of Miss Margaret Huston, soprano, Miss Florence Taylor, pianist, of Detroit, and Miss Temple Dixon, elocutionist, all well known and popular artists.

Mr. H. M. Fletcher, the popular organist and choirmaster of Bloor street Baptist church, was recently the recipient of a handsome present from his choir.

A service of praise will be given in the Bloor street Presbyterian church on the evening of January 23. The soloists will be Mrs. Clara Barnes-Holmes of Buffalo, contralto; Miss Frances World, soprano, Mrs. N. O. Reister of Buffalo, baritone, Mrs. Holmes and Mr. Reister, with Miss Lena

Hayes, violinist, will take part in a similar service at Parkdale Methodist church.

Miss Mabel V. Thomson, A.T.C.M., and gold medalist of the Toronto Conservatory, has recently been appointed a teacher on the vocal staff of the Conservatory. Miss Thomson's popularity as a concert soprano and teacher should ensure her large success. Miss Thomson is a pupil of Mr. Rechab Tandy.

The students in attendance at this session of the Normal School will have the additional advantage of a series of lectures relative to the voice by Mr. S. T. Church of Church's Auto-Voice Institute, who has recently been appointed a lecturer in that capacity by the Education Department.

In noticing a special brand of violin strings, the musical editor of *London Truth* alludes to them as being portions of a cat's interior. Popular delusions die hard. Violin strings never are and never were manufactured from feline material. How the term "cat-gut" originated in this connection has not been decided, but it has been suggested that it arose from a sound corruption of "kit-gut," the kit being a small fiddle used by dancing masters.

Bernard Shaw and Mary.

MR. BERNARD SHAW is always interesting if not amusing. He is a faddist, as everybody knows, and at the present moment his pet fad is vegetarianism. According to Mr. Shaw, "vegetarianism is the foundation of the finest intellectual dramas." He accuses Mary, of revered memory, of having eaten her little lamb, and yet, so far as I know, there is nothing in history to prove this horrible accusation. No lamb enters into the composition of his brain. Each of his plays was the inspiration of a different vegetable. "I wrote," he says, "Mrs. Warren's *Profession* on lentil soup, 'You Never Can Tell' on beans, and 'Candida' on potatoes; for although, as an Irishman, I can pretend to patriotism neither for the country I have abandoned nor the country that has ruined it, I retain the national love for the potato. To resume, 'The Quintessence of Ibsenism' was written on cabbage, and 'The Perfect Wagnerite' (due in the course of a week or so, and the most masterly exposition of Wagner that will ever appear) on savory pie. And these are great works. Has Mary, I ask, done anything of the kind? I will wager that she has not. And why has she not? Because her intellect is dulled, her sight dimmed and rendered abnormal, her sympathy blunted, her logical faculty bemused, by this infernal lamb."

Mother—Johnnie, I'm shocked to hear you swear. Do you learn that at school?

Learn it at school? Why, it's me what teaches the other boys."

Tommy—Didn't the ancients have pretty high times? His father—Why, my son? Tommy—The Book says they set their watches on the hilltops.—*Jewellers' Weekly*.

Mrs. De Sour—I want you to keep your dog out of my house. It's full of fleas. Mrs. De Smart—Mercy on me! Fido! Come here, sir. Don't you go into that house again. It's full of fleas.—*Jewish Comment*.

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Miss Pentland of Quebec is visiting relatives in Toronto. The Misses Monahan welcomed some thirty guests who enjoyed progressive euchre last Friday, Jan. 6, at their home in Broadbalt street. Professor William Clark's first lecture of the Dante series was thoroughly enjoyed by a cultured audience on Monday evening.

Miss Dora McMurtry and Miss Lillian Burns, songstress and elocutionist, give an evening next Wednesday in the Guild Hall. These are two more modest and talented girls of whom Toronto may well be proud, and their friends will doubtless give them a bumper house.

The visit of Speedon, Puck's inimitable caricaturist and artist, one of the Popular Course attractions, was over before slow people knew they had missed the treat of seeing him and hearing his naïf and killing remarks. In Association Hall on January 5 a medium-sized audience went into gales of fun over Speedon's evolution drawing, and really artistic pictures, growing before their eyes with incredible rapidity, while they roared with laughter at his quaint stories and sentences fairly bristling with puns. When next, if ever, Mr. Speedon visits Toronto it is desirable that his visit should attract one of our appreciative audiences who enjoy a good laugh and an hour with a very clever artist.

Dr. Overton Macdonald and Miss Adelaide Sullivan, granddaughter of Dr. Scadding of Trinity square, are receiving congratulations on their engagement, which was announced last week.

On Saturday evening Mr. Walter Beardmore had a congenial little party for dinner. A story is told me by a returning miner of the prowess of Mr. Beardmore's son Lissant in the saddle in the far West. That enterprising young man, who entered so heartily into our social life on his return from the Continent some years ago, is going ahead with the same impulsive force in the cruder regions of the Crow's Nest, and is the choicest rider in the bunch, so I hear.

Mr. Ernest Rolph has been down town once or twice this week, though still not quite strong after his serious siege of typhoid. That he may soon be quite restored to strength is the hearty wish of all his friends.

The Misses Ogden are going to England on a visit to relatives. Mr. Alec MacKenzie of Benvenuto has been on a visit to his sister, Mrs. Arthur Grantham of New York. Mrs. James Grace spent a couple of days in Lindsay this week. Mrs. Magann of Parkdale has been laid up with a severe cold.

The engagement of Mr. H. V. Bendelari of Cleveland and Miss Anna Gertrude Crothwaite of Buffalo is announced.

Mrs. Arthur Barnard received on Wednesday and Thursday at the Rossin House, assisted by Mrs. Suydam and the bonnie December bride, Mrs. Douglas, who laughingly announced that she wanted to see her friends as well. Mrs. Barnard wore on Wednesday a lovely silver-gray gown; Mrs. Suydam, that ultra smart frock, in castor and turquoise, which was so admired at her sister's wedding, and bright, happy Mrs. Douglas wore green with touches of rose. Tea was served, with claret punch and ices and all the modish goodies of a bride's table, in a room *vis-a-vis* with the reception-room. Beautiful roses and bright grate fires were accessories aesthetic and comfortable. A very large number of callers paid their respects to Mrs. Barnard, who is very popular.

The High Park Golf Club gave a very pretty dance in St. George's Hall on Tuesday evening, the guests almost all belonging to the young dancing set of the flowery suburb, though some of the belles of more urban localities were also present. Pretty, and bright, and light of foot are these sweet votaries of Scotia's great game, and very bonny they were as they danced with young and untiring partners on a floor as slippery as glass, too much so thought several who took tumbles thereon. The music made by the Italians was perfect, and the supper served at quartette tables downstairs from quite a pretentious and elegant buffet, was a vast improvement upon former repasts. The catering was done by Albert Williams, and the rush of business in hand at the New Coleman seems to spur the manager to new efforts to please his patrons. Certainly the comment of a guest, "Just like a private party," was deserved and the whole affair was most enjoyable. Among the chaperones were: Mrs. Lockie, Mrs. Dick, Mrs. Leigh, Mrs. Victor Armstrong, very smart in white brocade panelled with yellow; Mrs. Peterson, Mrs. Cummings, Mrs. Alfred Wright, in a pretty blue satin. Mrs. Hutchinson wore white brocade satin. A very sweet young chaperone was Mrs. S. Alfred Jones, one of last year's brides, in a white gown that became her charmingly. Miss Marie McDonnell, the secretary of the Golf Club, wore white satin flounced with black Chantilly lace, set on with narrow erise ribbon. Mrs. Pyne was in pink veiled with pink chiffon. Mrs. McIntyre wore a very handsome striped silk in green and white. Some very lovely girls graced this dance. Miss Enid Wornum in black and silver tissue was strikingly pretty; a radiant young creature was Miss Violet Towers, in white with Meteor roses in her dusky hair. Miss Helen Strange was a fair Hebe in white satin with pearls. Miss Lockie of Spencer avenue was a dainty lady in black with some vivid pink flowers. Miss Elsie Lockie wore pink, as did also Miss Shortt with corsage bouquet of violets. Miss Edith Heward wore pink muslin. Miss Kate Archer wore dull blue *faielle*, with white satin bands. Miss Monahan wore blue organdie, the frills bound with rose pink; Miss Daisy Monahan was in white, with red roses. Miss Ethel Palin, who has just returned from Chicago, looked very

Grand Concert of Canadian Artists

ASSOCIATION HALL
Tuesday, Jan. 24, '99
One of the Most Interesting Musical Events of the Season

The Following Artists Will Take Part:

MISS BESSIE BONSALL

THIS well known contralto soloist commenced the serious study of vocal music under Mr. W. K. Haslam in the Toronto College of Music in 1880. During the first year she won the Haslam Scholarship, and a special scholarship offered by St. James' Cathedral. Shortly after this she secured the position of contralto soloist in the Broadway Tabernacle, in New York City. This position she gave up in order to become a member of the celebrated concert troupe accompanying Ovide Musin, the great Belgian violinist. This engagement lasted two seasons. In 1893 Miss Bonsall decided to study abroad, and left for London, England, where she became a pupil of Mr. Charles Santley. Acting on the suggestion of several gentlemen eminent in music, she joined for a time the D'Oyly Carte Company at the Savoy Theater with a view to acquiring a knowledge of stage methods. During this engagement she scored many successes. For the last few months she has been filling concert engagements in London, England, and returns to fill this engagement in Toronto, where her glorious contralto voice is already well known and always welcome.

MISS MARGARET HUSTON

MISS Huston's voice is a true soprano of rare and beautiful quality and great range. She is a sympathetic singer and displays deep feeling and dramatic power. Her original training was received from the late Sig. Pier Delasco. It was continued under the most eminent teachers in New York, London, Paris and Brussels. She has only recently returned from Europe, and made her debut in Massey Hall on October 10th last, when she was most enthusiastically received. She is one of our most painstaking artists and deserves all the success which she is likely to achieve. Miss Huston's studio is that lately occupied by the late Sig. Delasco in the Confederation Life Bld., probably the finest studio in the city.

MISS FLORENCE TAYLOR

MISS Florence Taylor is a young musician of marked ability who has recently returned from Europe, where she has undergone a three years' course of rigorous training under that master of technique, Barth, and Moritz Moszkowski, the great pianist and composer. That the latter musician has imbued his talented pupil with a liberal share of his characteristic dash and brilliancy is evinced by the generous reception accorded Miss Taylor at her two recent appearances before Detroit's most critical audiences, and also at St. George's Hall, Toronto, in October last. It is rarely, indeed, that so permanent a reputation and firm a recognition are acquired by any pianist so early in her career. When Miss Taylor plays there is never any misunderstanding as to her meaning or that of the composer; every note is heard distinctly—which is not simply that she preserves her courage when before an audience—a rare quality in pianists.

MISS TEMPLE DIXON

MISS Temple Dixon has studied under such distinguished masters as Felix Morris, Kenneth Lee, Charles Fisher, James Hitley and Burr McIntosh of New York, and has received great commendation and praise for her Shakespearean readings from the well known critics of *The Dramatic News* and *The Dramatic Mirror*. Speaking of Miss Dixon's work with Felix Morris, this master said of her: "One of the most promising pupils I ever had—your work pleased me much." *The Telegraph* of New York in its criticism of Renunciation, by Frances Aymar Matthews, refers to Miss Dixon in her forcible and surprised reading of the lines, as "a replica of the famous Duse." The most characteristic feature of Miss Dixon's work is its refinement.

Tickets—75c., 50c., 25c. Plan will open at the warerooms of the Mason & Risch Piano Company, on Monday, January 16th.

well in black sparkling with jet; Miss Maud Givins wore black *moire* trimmed with pale blue chiffon; Miss Evans of Spadina avenue was as pretty as a picture in white, with ruby velvet; *petite* Miss Stammers wore a trim little black frock; Mrs. Mays was in white silk; Miss Mabel Ince wore a mauve gown; Miss Perrin wore white silk; Miss Barbara Matthews wore white and pink; Miss Winifred Palin wore black; Miss Brodie wore a rich gown of pale green satin; Miss Michie wore white with pink sashes. A few others present were: Misses Mor-

gan, Thompson, Myers, Proctor, Cross of St. Kits, Mitchell of Buffalo, Edith Smith, Fanquier, Hellwell, Ahern and Fraser; Messrs. Mays, Alfred Wright, Jemmett, Clare Atkinson, Ashworth, Percy Vivien, Sweeney, W. Murr, J. E. Fisher, Clark, Lockie, Ralph King, Evans-Lewis, S. A. Jones, West, Hitchens, Minty, Merrick, W. P. Merrick, Armstrong, Martin, Pack, Major Leigh, Dr. Pyne, and many others.

Mrs. Fred J. Campbell will hold her post-nuptial receptions on next Thursday and Friday at 32 Lowther avenue.

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Gold Fillings \$1 up.
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Social and Personal.

On Wednesday evening the Toronto Browning Club gave a social evening to its members and their friends. A merry time was spent in putting together a selection from Colombe's Birthday, each person present having one line of the extract. A delightful programme was rendered by Mrs. Crowley, Mrs. Parker, Miss Kerr, and Professor Le Barge. Mrs. Crowley's rendering of one of Browning's poems, My Star, was especially fine, and was greeted with great enthusiasm by those present. After the programme refreshments were served, and the company broke up having blended material pleasure and intellectual improvement during the whole of one of the pleasantest evenings in the history of the Club.

The very sudden death last week of Mrs. Millett, wife of Mr. James E. Millett of this city, was a sad shock to the family's large circle of friends. Mrs. Millett was beloved by all who knew her, and the long cortege of carriages that followed her remains to the grave on one of the coldest days of this winter bore eloquent testimony to the widespread sorrow at her loss. Miss Eileen Millett, the talented young singer, is a niece of the deceased lady.

On Friday, January 27, the Osgoode Rugby Football Club are giving a dance at Osgoode Hall, that place so popular with dancers. In order to prevent the overcrowding which spoils so many dances it has been decided to positively limit the attendance to three hundred. Mr. J. T. C. Thompson is the honorary secretary (telephone 1076) and tickets may be procured from him or from any of the following committee: F. W. Harcourt, J. H. Moss, B. Cassels, C. A. Moss, Gordon Clark, J. D. Falconbridge, S. C. Wood, C. W. Bell, F. J. S. Martin, J. Thompson, F. L. Gordon, W. R. Wadsworth, R. L. Towers, D. T. Symons, W. B. Kingmill, E. S. Senkler, J. D. McMurrich, E. Burns, D. Arey McGee, R. Sweny, A. C. Kingston, W. A. Smith, C. S. Wilkie, H. G. Kingston, E. Beatty, H. C. Osborne, O. M. Biggar, J. G. Merrick and J. L. Council.

Among the guests at the Golf Club hall was Miss Rita Naffel of La Vranque, Goderich. Miss Naffel was very handsomely gowned in white corded silk all fluffy on the inside with pink silk frills, and was chaperoned by Mrs. W. Craig Chisholm of Parkdale, who was looking as pretty as a picture in pale blue silk with black grenadine overdress.

On Tuesday last Mrs. W. S. Lee, Mrs. Forbes Michie, Miss Jean Smith, with Mr. John Taylor and his younger son, left for the South.

The engagement of Mr. Charles Edgar Byron, secretary to the Admiral commanding the N. A. squadron, and Miss May Todd, daughter of Mrs. Andrew Todd, is announced.

Mrs. Newbury N. Munro (nee Cauldwell) will hold her post-nuptial reception on Thursday and Friday afternoons, January 19 and 20, and also Friday evening, at 65 Winchester street.

Mrs. William G. Kent entertained a few of her young friends at luncheon last week at her pretty home in Madison avenue. The table was bright with Meteor roses and deep red satin ribbons, while a cloud of crimson tulle centered the whole.

Miss Retta Sims of St. George street has gone to Montreal for a month to visit her cousin, Miss Nellie Sims.

Senor and Senora Gonzalez have taken rooms in the Oddfellows' Building and will receive their friends on Friday afternoons.

I hear that in some cities in the United States hostesses have organized against late hours. Instead of guests arriving at half-past eight, nine or ten to dance, an earlier hour is exacted and an earlier hour for departing is at least implied if not exacted. More men would go out if they were not compelled through custom to remain so late, as the early rising for business is a necessity which the ladies overlook selfishly or thoughtlessly. Therefore, most men sooner or later absent themselves from late-staying entertainments. Few can stand the strain and less care to risk it.

The young bachelors' assembly at Stratford last week was much enjoyed by the guests in Worth's Hall, about two hundred being present, largely from outside points. The patronesses were: Mesdames J. W. Chown, John Irwin, E. G. Smith, J. L. Moore, George Levett, T. Coppin, H. Eason and John Ridgedale. Following were the stewards: Messrs. E. T. Chown, W. Cloney, J. A. Kennedy, D. McDougall, F. B. Heath, S. Wilson, J. A. Caslake, A. Abraham and F. Scott. J. J. Hagarty

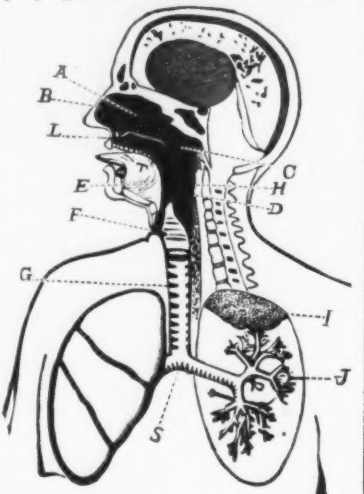
A STUDY OF LA GRIPPE

THE CHARACTERISTIC SYMPTOM OF THE PRESENT EPIDEMIC.

The Various Stages of the Disease and its Effectual Treatment by the Great Twin Remedies—Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure and Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine.

When la grippe visited this city in 1890 physicians were at a loss to know how to treat it. It was so entirely different to anything with which they had previously come in contact and had such a variety of symptoms that it required study and experimenting of a newly discovered disease.

Experience has taught physicians and people alike that la grippe is a form of nasal catarrh and in its earliest stages must be treated as such. The dull, splitting headache, the running at the nose and eyes, the "stuffed up" feeling of the head and droppings into the throat are unmistakable signs of a sort of catarrh. In the epidemic which now prevails in Toronto the characteristic symptom is vomiting in the morning, which is caused by the mucous droppings entering the stomach, upsetting the digestive system, and resulting in stomach sickness and loss of appetite. A study of the accompanying cut will show how this occurs.



A. Posterior Nares, where la grippe begins, causing running at the nose and headache. B. Nasal Duct, through which the eyes are affected. C. Throat, where mucous droppings pass to the stomach and cause sickness, vomiting and loss of appetite. D. Esophagus, through which la grippe enters the lungs and develops into pneumonia.

It is in this stage of la grippe that Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure proves its wonderful effectiveness by entirely clearing the head and choked-up air passages, stopping the running at the nose and eyes and droppings into the throat. With the removal of these symptoms, the pressure which causes headache is also taken away, and la grippe is eradicated from the system.

But la grippe is so entirely different in its two important stages that no one remedy can hope to cope with all cases, and hence the popularity of the great twin remedies for la grippe—Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure and Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine.

PREVENT PNEUMONIA.

The newspapers are filled with reports of death from la grippe, and it will be noticed that in most every case la grippe had developed into pneumonia before death resulted. It is not so much la grippe itself, as pneumonia or complicated lung troubles which usually follow it, that is to be feared.

If la grippe is not cured before it enters the throat, the greatest precaution is necessary to avoid fatal results, and it is at this stage of the disease that Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine proves its inestimable value.

During the great epidemic of 1890 it became evident that Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine was a prompt and unfailing remedy for la grippe, and since then it has lost none of its popularity, but on the contrary has reached the largest sale of any similar preparation and has established itself as an unrivalled remedy for bronchitis, asthma, croup and all throat and lung troubles. By combining these two great preparations, Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure and Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, the very worst case of la grippe can be completely and permanently cured, suffering relieved, and all danger from fatal after effects avoided.

All dealers sell these remedies at 25c., or they can be procured from Edmanston, Bates & Co., Toronto.

was the efficient and painstaking secretary. Among those from a distance who were in attendance were the following: The Misses Brookes of Thorndale; Miss Eric McPhee of Detroit; Miss A. Walker of Toronto; the Misses Patterson of Woodstock; Miss Soole of Seaforth; Miss M. Tynon of Toronto; Miss Elchorn of Port Huron, Mich.; Miss N. Carr, Miss Headley, Miss Burns and Miss Murray of St. Mary's; Miss Dadds, Miss Goodall, Miss Montgomery and Miss Wilcox of Woodstock; Miss Marrs of Simcoe; Miss Long of New York; Miss Crawford of St. Mary's; Miss Bown of Fort Erie; Miss Fozarty and Miss Eason of Toronto; Mr. W. Stanford of Toronto; Mr. J. F. Daly of Seaforth; Mr. F. Gentle of Toronto; Messrs. V. Laing, J. Inel and W. Inel of St. Mary's; Mr. L. Johnston of Ottawa; Messrs. P. E. Farrol, R. Hopkins and M. Powell of Woodstock; Messrs. E. Burnard, C. Stevens, C. Reid, J. Collinson, J. Kairnes and Avey of London; Mr. F. Taylor of Mitchell; Mr. T. M. Hagarty of Toronto; Messrs. Roberts, Smith and Spence of St. Mary's; Mr. Maxwell of Hamilton; Mr. Tracy of St. Mary's; Mr. J. Burke of Goderich; Mr. J. B. Wiederhold of St. Mary's; Mr. A. B. George of Listowel; Mr. Middleton of Forest; Mr. Carly of Granton; Mr. J. Livingstone of Milverton; Mr. L. J. Gillies of Listowel; Mr. Laidlaw of St. Mary's, and Mr. Aldrich of Toronto.

A former Torontonian, Miss Aylesworth, is at present here from Rat Portage visiting her grandmother, Mrs. Thompson of Denn avenue, Parkdale.

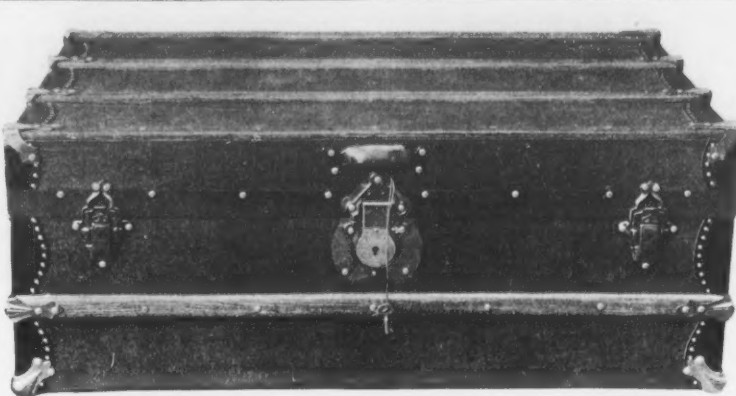
There is an ice-bridge at the Falls now, and on January 21 an ice palace is to be opened at Niagara Falls, N. Y., with a grand display of fireworks. Some jolly

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parties will be going from here, as the trip can be made in so short a time.

The Misses Naffel of Goderich are en pension on Pembroke street.

Miss Yda Milligan, after spending her mid-winter vacation with her parents here, returned to Hespeler on Tuesday.

Mr. Carmichael of the Bank of Montreal has been ill enough to be away from the office for some days.

Mr. Adam of the Standard Bank, Colborne, has been moved to the Toronto branch.

At the Golf Club dance on Tuesday night some of the guests whose homes are not here were: Miss Alice Cross of St. Catharines, Miss Aylesworth of Rat Portage, Miss Naffel of Goderich, Mrs. Gedman of Cayuga, and Miss Mitchell of Buffalo.

A Draper's Extra.

After a splendid season's trade, as that enjoyed by Henry A. Taylor, draper, the Rossin Block, there are bound to be left unsold in so large a stock of fine woolsens as are imported by him some very desirable suit lengths and overcoatings. Now Mr. T. always strives to clear out everything right in the season in which it is bought for, therefore to make sure work of it he is offering special prices on special lines to insure their going before the close of his financial year. He promises all the care in the detail of making and fitting as though you were paying his fullest price. Just now society dress is having more than the ordinary demand, and Henry A. Taylor stands in an enviable position as a fashioner of society dress. The products of this noted draperie go into all parts of the Dominion.

concerned overmuch with the things of the future, but a woman lives each moment to make the best of the present. Montreal, January, '90.

Toronto's Independent Weekly.

The record of the Sun for the last two years shows that an independent political paper can succeed if the proper position is assumed by the editorial management. Starting upon what many considered a ruinous foundation, namely, the low circulation list of The Farmer's Sun, after the partial subsidence of the Patron of Industry movement, the Sun has extended its influence rapidly and now numbers its readers by the tens of thousands.

Its attitude on all public questions has gained it the respect of both political parties, and its opinions are widely quoted. While preserving to a large extent its character as a farm paper, its selections of stories and miscellaneous matter make it a welcome visitor in every home, and its Comments on Current Events, by A. Hystander, give it a decided literary flavor.

The Sun Printing Company is publishing a paper different from any other weekly now offered to the public, and we are pleased to know that an actual issue of 13,000, or upwards, has already been reached.

The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

Births.
DUFF—Guelph, Jan. 3, Mrs. J. Mowat Duff—a daughter.
MACKENZIE—Jan. 5, Mrs. M. A. Mackenzie—a daughter.
GIBBARD—Montreal, Jan. 9, Mrs. Thomas Gibbard—a daughter.
LAISHLEY—Jan. 1, Mrs. William Laishley—a son.
PEATTIE—Montreal, Jan. 8, Mrs. John Hugh Peattie—a daughter.
HARRIS—Jan. 2, Mrs. A. B. Harris—a son.
CROSSLEY—Jan. 10, Mrs. Horace N. Crossley—a daughter.
HETHERINGTON—Jan. 9, Mrs. W. J. Hetherington—a daughter.
LOWE—Calgary, N.W.T., Jan. 9, Mrs. H. P. Lowe—a son.
KINGSTON—Jan. 3, Mrs. George A. Kingston—a daughter.
NORMAN—Jan. 6, Mrs. J. W. Norman—a son.
MCLEAN—Sarnia, Jan. 3, Mrs. A. D. McLean—a son.

Marriages.
CRASKE—OLIVER—Halifax, Jan. 5, Captain John Craske to Clara Grace Oliver.
MILLAR—WESTMAN—Jan. 4, John McDougall Millar to Tillie Westman.
WOODS—GRIFFITH—Jan. 5, Arthur Llewellyn Woods to Emily Maud Griffith.
STANLEY—MOSS—Dec. 23, Mr. Richard Stanley to Daisy E. C. Moss.
BROWNLEE—MCALPIN—Jan. 7, Albert E. Brownlee to Laura McAlpin.
SIMMONS—DEWAR—Winnipeg, George Simpson to Helen Primrose Dewar.
ELMSLIE—FAHKEE—Jan. 4, James Anderson Elmslie to Alice May Parker.
DUNDAS—MOFFAT—Jan. 3, Captain George Dundas to Mary Moffat.
BURGES—FERGUSON—Jan. 11, Herbert W. Burgess to Amy Bell Ferguson.

Deaths.
WYLLIE—Jan. 3, Mrs. G. B. Wyllie, aged 81.
TODD—Galt, Jan. 11, Thomas Todd, aged 67.
LEISHMAN—Jan. 5, Mrs. Malcolm Leishman, 87, aged 81.
CONNOR—Elora, Jan. 10, Thomas Connor, aged 66.
PETCH—Jan. 11, Herbert Russell Petch, aged 18.
MACDONALD—Hamilton, Jan. 10, Walter Ross Macdonald, aged 73.
WOODS—Galt, Dec. 31, Edward Robinson Woods, M.D., aged 37.
SULLIVAN—Jan. 6, Right Rev. Edward Sullivan, D.D.
GIBSON—Beamsville, Jan. 1, May Belle Gibson, aged 26.

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